BRUARY 28 — MAR. 6, 1981

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THE WOMEN OF GUJARAT

SUCCESSFUL STAGE AND SCREEN GUJJUBEHNS!

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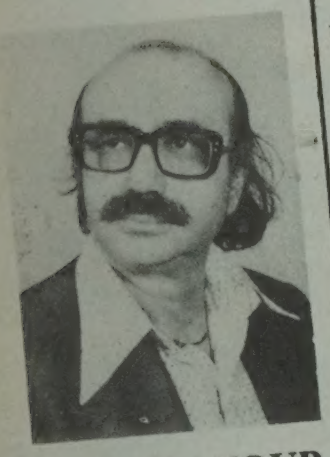


FROM THE GRAPEVINE. .

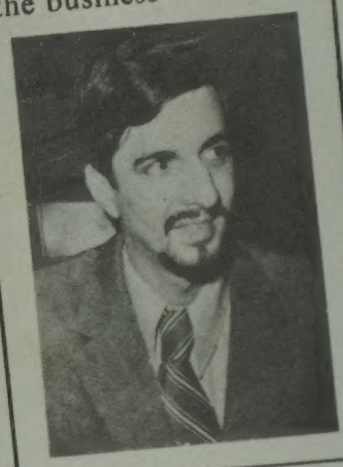
By Janardan Thakur, political Delhi's most explosive columnist, the man with the inside line on all the prime minister's men. Presenting all the behind-the-scene news from the capital, publishable and unpublishable.

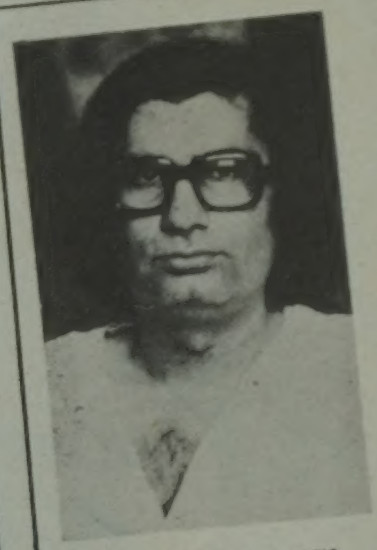
PHILLUM PAGE...

By Ingrid Albuquerque, among the three top film journalists in the country. Text and photographs on all the things that keep happening in the phillum world.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE...

By Nusli R. Davar, the new money wizard with a series of financial scoops to his credit in just one year (a MID-DAY discovery). Investors' portfolio, the week's market, chart craft, a whole new guide to the business world.





FILM REVIEW...

By Vinod Mehta, the critic who never rates a film higher than "poor". A brand new style of reviewing, which treats the Hindi cinema as Hindi Cinemas

YOU AND YOUR STARS...

By Bejan Daruwalla, the nation's No. 1 astrologer and the only person to have forecast Sanjay Gandhi's tragic accident (almost to the very day). A full-page forecast for the week, the year for your birthday.

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BRIEF ENCOUNTERS...

By Shobha Kilachand, the lady with the quicksilver pen. It may be your turn to be mentioned in her column next.

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J. C. JAIN

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GULSHAN EWING

ASST. EDITOR
AMMU JOSEPH

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NARGIS CHAWLA
VILOO PITHAWALA

STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

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CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.

S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

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SUCCESSFUL GUJJUBEHNS (AND BHAIS!) OF THE HINDI SCREEN

39 In a North Indian dominated industry, it has been tough for the Gujjus to survive. Yet, they have.

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44 A cross-section of interviews with 'Hindu' as well as 'Parsi' stage artistes.

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REGULAR FEATURES

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1st PRIZE

BLESSED SPINSTERHOOD

"Thrice a bridesmaid, never a bride," old wives are wont to chant with a note of warning. The imperative do's and don'ts of hooking a man, and the superstitions that go with it never fail to intrigue me. Each time, I marvel at the lengths parents will go to, to prevent their offspring from being left on the shelf.

What beats me is why this compulsive urge for marriage for the sake of marriage, as though it were a precondition for happiness, and celibacy a state preferable only to death. I personally would opt for a safe, saucy, serene spinsterhood any day. An economically independent woman with varied interests can have a swinging, full existence, without pangs of remorse for missing out on 'the big thing of life'.

A mother may be considered self-sacrificing, but a single woman need not be condemned as selfish, or looked upon with suspicion and distrust. For these are the weapons society uses against women who show signs of being independent. Such a provincial outlook is clearly absurd, for the moral standards of a woman depend on her personal integrity, not on her marital status and secondly, far from living a self-centred, boxed-in existence, the carefree single miss can derive the maximum out of life — more so than her married sisters!

Maybe those complacently married individuals should think twice before condoling with old maids on their 'empty, spiceless existence'.

GILLIAN TELLES, Goa.

Most men — and women, too — genuinely believe that single women are a sad species and must be "rescued". Little do they realise that many unmarried women today are single out of choice — a choice made after watching the continuous breakdown of modern-day marriages. And to say that all spinsters are amoral is as laughable as to say all married women are virtuous!

2nd PRIZE

ACCEPTING RAPE

We have viewed rapists, like all other criminals. from both extremes. On the one hand they have been called wild animals, brutes, etc.; on the other hand psychiatrists and psychologists have tried to unearth the dark forces that compel them to commit their heinous deeds. Looked at from either end of the spectrum they are far from normal. Why do we, normal individuals, fail to see the crime of rape in its proper light? The film "Insaf ka Tarazu" was said to throw light on rape from a new angle, yet both the victim and many others in the film are of the opinion that the heroine has lost all that is worth living for; it implies that with her loss of virginity she has lost her dignity as a human being.

Does one look with contempt at a man who, after an accident, limps through life on an artifical limb? No one says, "You were asking for trouble by using our dangerously busy roads, you get what you asked for." One just accepts these things as a sad fact of modern life. Is rape any less an accident or a hazard? With women brushing shoulders with men today more than ever before, the risk of rape will necessarily be ever on the increase. Why should we not learn to take this also in our stride, accept it also as a hazard we have to face? Instead of treating the rape victim as a sad specimen lost to the world, why do we not join forces with her and try as much as possible to wipe out an evil, failing which we can try to wipe out its stigma — first in our minds and the rest will follow.

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad.

The film you mention erred grievously in its implication that a raped woman must feel defiled and suicidal. That is just the impression we want to eradicate. Most rapists are normal men who know they have the power and the physical strength to subdue a woman. Yes, indeed, we must look upon rape with a more sympathetic eye — the victim of rape is no criminal!

3rd PRIZE

BAD GOODIES!

Last week a friend of mine dropped in from abroad, bringing a whole lot of foodstuff, like Maggi Soup Powder, Marmite, Luncheon Meat etc, saying gloatingly, "Try the delicious things we get there, so tasty and easy to prepare. For you, it's a rare treat, but it's our everyday fare."

There's no doubt that the packaging and the contents looked both attractive and appetising, and I was tempted to try something right away. Out of curiosity, I went through the ingredients used for the various items, and I certainly would not recommend them for daily use. Practically everything had large quantities of monosodium glutamate, yeast, glyseryl monostearate, citric acid, sodium benzoate, and other things known to have harmful effects if used in excess.

We grumble about food adulteration in India, but what about this mania for taste, and speed, at any cost, in the West? The grass is always greener on the other side, of the fence; even so, there's weeding out to be done there, too!

GEMMA M. D'CUNHA, Pune

We are not sure if you are all the way correct in what you say. The Food and Drug Administration in the U.S.A., for instance, is rather strict and very vigilant in these matters. So also must be the corresponding bodies in other western countries, we presume. Mind you, these ingredients that you mention — and many others — could be the reason why there is now a 'health food' fad abroad.

HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE

Food poisoning is one of the worst illnesses one can get. I am only thirteen and recently, I experienced a very bad attack of food poisoning. The doctors, too, were puzzled as such a virulent attack was rare. I suffered unimaginably for the first two days. I vomited every hour and went to the bathroom every two hours. I was extremely weak. Due to my terrible weakness, I had horrible hallucinations, as if the whole house was on top of me and my muscles were pulled together tightly. Then the doctor gave an injection to stop my vomiting. Slowly I started recovering. I was given a horrible diet consisting of the foods I disliked the most. Anyway, I recovered in a few days. Although I am all right now, I'll never forget the suffering I went through. So, watch out, food poisoning is something you won't forget in a hurry!

MOHIT CHADHA, Bombay.

Seems you had a bad dose, didn't you. Wish you'd told us (and our readers) what you ate and where you ate it. Indeed, food poisoning can kill, if not treated fast. A friend got cholera after eating bhelpuri, and revealed the source. The 'bhelwala', a favourite of many, soon had no customers left.

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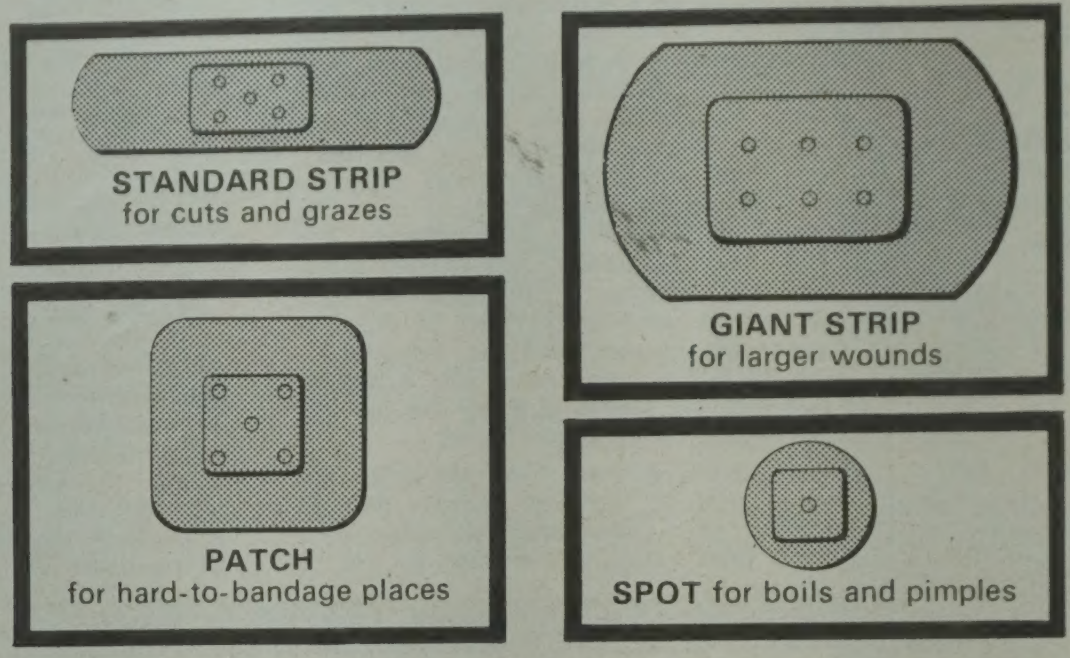

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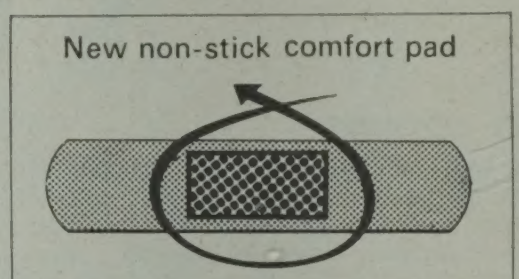

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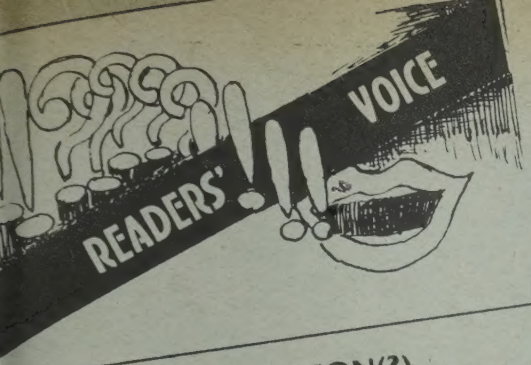


Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us.

WRONG INFORMATION(?)

Shyamala Mahadevan, in her article "Regional Rituals" (January 24), ils to give correct information about the Parsis. Among Parsis, it is ot compulsory for the ceremony to be during the fifth month. It is ctually performed during the seventh month, which is known as ag- harni. Secondly, mehendi is never applied by the Parsis on any occa- sion. Thirdly, it is not compulsory for the girl's mother to present her with a thin gold chain. Even nominal cash can be given as blessings. Lastly, a special lunch is served along with cone shaped laddoos made of bundi, and not pedas made of mava.

FIROZA COOPER, Ahmedabad.

Mrs. Mahadevan had written the piece after talking to a Parsi lady. It is therefore obvious that as in all communities, these functions differ from family to family.
— Editor.

COURAGEOUSLY YOURS

The feature "Courageously Yours" (January 17) was very moving, but also inspiring. The courage with which these handicapped children have adjusted to their cross in life, is an example to people who com- plain about their misfortunes. The feature brings out the important part played by the schools where these kids were trained to make the best of their remaining faculties.

KALYANI BHATNAGAR, Secunderabad.

BELIEF IN A FLAT EARTH!

With regard to the article on astrology (January 24), " . . the an- cient sages," says Dr. B. V. Raman, "have deduced a connection be- tween the motions of the planets and relative positions of stars with every kind of terrestrial activity."

Those were the people who lived thousands of years ago in an obscure world where there were aeroplanes, no rockets, no satellites and no telescopes. They never had the opportunity to look at the earth from afar. If at all they had seen the earth, it was from tree tops and hill tops from where they could see only a few square miles of earth. Therefore, these ancestors of ours cannot be blamed when they be- lieved in a flat earth and the geocentric system. It is a pity that the advances in education, modern science and technology have not in- fluenced the primitive, orthodox thinking of our people.

K. P. RAJAN, Bombay

ASTROLOGY A BASIC BELIEF?

I do not agree with the conclusion drawn in the article "Peddling Predictions" (January 24) — "Is astrology really a credible science or is it a bogus panacea for the disturbed mind? This is something each one of us has to decide for ourselves." — since most human beings are easily influenced by the sayings of others, specially those who are supposed to be experts in their respective fields.

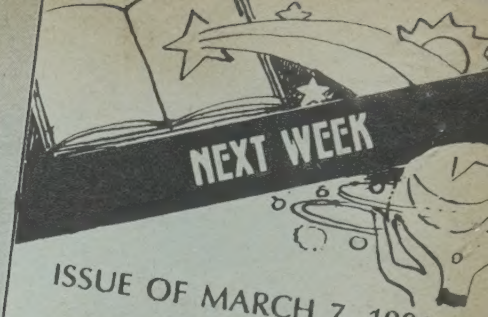
Although our literacy rate is increasing, our basic beliefs have not undergone any significant change. Millions of illiterate as well as edu- cated people waste their hard-earned money on astrologers.

MAHESH KAPASI, New Delhi.

ASTROLOGY FOR THE GULLIBLE

This has reference to the article by Joan Khurody (January 24) on astrology. I agree with the writer that the answers given by astrologers are vague and frivolous. They are as vague and safe as the weather fore- casts! The most important factor in the casting of horoscopes is time, and when we cannot make two watches which will agree, how can we cast an accurate horoscope? Astrology is a trick of the clever to fool the innocent and the unintelligent.

U. S. IYER, Pune.



ISSUE OF MARCH 7, 1981

MALE MODELS, THEN AND NOW

The male model has been used as a peg to promote female models. But others like Kabir Bedi and Nazir Mitha transcended this handicap and established themselves as super clothes-horses. Still others like Deepak Parashar and Anand Balraj have tried to use modelling as a stepping stone to stardom. But in the process, has their virility come into question?

WHY MODELLING IS NOT SO HOT IN CALCUTTA

In Bombay and Delhi, beautiful girls are dying to be discovered as models. Why is it not so in Calcutta?

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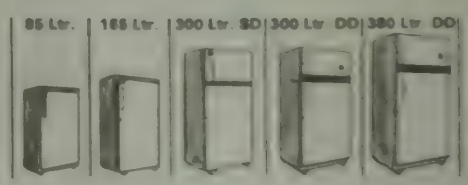

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Sista's:HA 67A/80

WOMEN IN GUJARAT: behind the facade

WE OFTEN THINK OF RURAL GUJARAT AS THE LAND OF PROSPERITY, OF HAPPY GARBA DANCERS AND FOLK SONGS, BUT THERE IS A DARKER SIDE TO THE PICTURE — A LARGE NUMBER OF DOWRY DEATHS AND ONE OF THE HIGHEST RATES OF FEMALE SUICIDES

Shahnaz Anklesaria

GUJARAT 1980: A young woman arrives at her parents' home, a few months after she is married and begs to be allowed to remain with them. On her body are dark welts, some still oozing blood. "He" says the dowry was not enough and he did not want to marry her anyway. The parents listen in silence and see her wounds. Two weeks later, the father tells his daughter that he has conferred with the village elders and they agree that a married woman's place is in her husband's home. She must go back to him. Seeing the look of naked terror on her face, he says he will send her back with two uncles who will tell her husband not to beat her anymore.

Some weeks later the parents receive word that their daughter is dead, and her body has been cremated, so there is no need for them to come. Later, someone who was present at the cremation says the young woman had strangulation marks around her neck. . .

In another village, not far away, another young woman is brought to her parents' home in an ambulance. There are third degree burns on her back. She says that while she was washing the utensils her mother-in-law crept up behind her and threw acid at her. The neighbours heard her cries, rushed in and took her to hospital. There the mother-in-law claimed it was an accident — her daughter-in-law dropped the bottle on herself. Her old husband and her son, the young woman's husband, corroborate the story. The doctor refuses to believe them — if it was an accident, the acid would have fallen on her chest, not back. So he has the young woman put into an ambulance and sent home to her parents.

A mother comes to a welfare institution in the city of Ahmedabad with her daughter asking for help. Her second husband (the daughter's father was dead) does not want her any longer as she is growing too old for him. He prefers his step-daughter instead. He's a truck driver, often comes home roaring drunk and makes his step-daughter's life miserable. One day, when the girl found his advances unbearable, she fled to a friend's home. She was told to register her case at the welfare institute. The step-father was called to the institute. He brazenly admitted his behaviour, adding, "Anyway, no one will want to marry her now, so you may as well let her come home to me."

This is what women have to face in twentieth century Gujarat, I realised, after visiting some women's institutions in Ahmedabad. Cocooned in the anonymity of our larger metropolitan cities, we have little awareness of what life is like for those living in smaller more conservative towns. And the treatment a woman undergoes in a village is often beyond our comprehension.

None of these are isolated incidents, peculiar only to the state of Gujarat. They happen every day in different parts of the country. Gujarat, in this respect, is little different from the rest of India, although at one point, in the late 1960s, it was reported that Saurashtra had registered the highest number of women suicides in India.

"In the last six months, we had five suicides a week in Ahmedabad alone," said Pushpaben Mehta, who along with the late Mrudula Sarabhai founded "Vikas Griha", a women's rescue home in Ahmedabad. "The younger generation of women refuse to bear indignities. They prefer death rather than allow themselves to be humiliated so cruelly. They either drown or burn themselves," she said.

If she does not kill herself, it is often just a matter of time before she is put to death. "Homicide is a major problem," said Pushpaben. Some institutions register six cases of homicide each month. Hundreds more go unreported.

What makes a man decide to kill the woman he has lived with, sometimes for years? The answers are many.

Dowry is the single biggest known reason. If she has not brought "enough" money, finish her off and get another who will bring more. Fundamentally, a woman is seen as expendable. The Hindu Marriage Act, 1956 makes bigamy a criminal offence in most states, including Gujarat. After this Act came into force, killing a wife has become one of the easiest ways of circumventing it.

To avoid "complications" the death is registered as suicide. One women's welfare institution in the city had its files full of such "suicide" cases. The most recent was that of a young wife who was killed while she was asleep. Her husband's family poured kerosene over her, burnt her and then registered it as a case of self-immolation. In other instances like the incident described at the beginning, the woman's body was cremated without a post-mortem and her relatives informed later.

If a woman knows she will be destroyed, wants to flee and is aware that her parents will not keep her, where does she go? If she lives in or near Ahmedabad, she often comes to a rescue home like "Vikas Griha". Kantaben has been living in "Vikas Griha" for many months. "I left my village when it was impossible to bear it anymore," she says, covering her delicate features with her **odhni.** "When there is no rain and the crop dries up, then our husbands beat us. They cannot vent their anger on anything else."

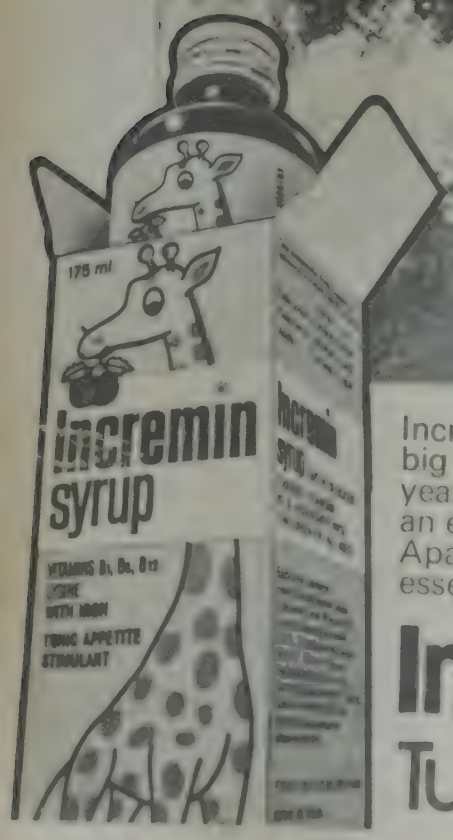
Had she not heard of "Vikas Griha" she would have killed herself. "What else could I have done? I do not have a paise of my own to live separately. What we earned, we ate." Suddenly she breaks down, "I am not allowed to see my children. He won't let them come near me. And I have one daughter."

Pushpaben Mehta adds that rescue homes are a "scar on society" because they prove that even educated people think a woman can be thrown out of her home like a heap of rubbish.

She said a new phenomenon among the educated section of people in Ahmedabad is "maitree". Euphimistically described by some as "companionship marriage" it is scorned by others as legalised prostitution. Here a married man and an unmarried woman, or two people married to different partners, decide to live together and register their "friendship" in a court of law. According to a social worker, the highest number of such cases have been registered between Government officers and educated young women. In other instances, men become Muslims so that they can have more than one wife — and the second wife is often an educated woman. Psychologists and sociologists will have many different explanations for these trends in a conservative society fast becoming urbanised (See page 17).

THE INCREMIN GENERATION

Growing up better, not just bigger!



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WOMEN IN GUJARAT

Women who want justice but who have no idea of how to fight for their rights, who are too timid to complain to the police or the courts, come to an old building in the middle of Ahmedabad city. It houses an institute called "Jyoti Sangh". Here women and sometimes entire families come with their complaints and the women counsellors at the Sangh try to unite warring factions or else liaise between the parties concerned and the police or law courts, explaining to these often unlettered people how to move through the tangle of Indian bureaucracy.

In a year the Sangh has registered 801 cases of family conflict, 128 cases of physical assault and torture, and 183 cases of child marriages. Half its applicants are under the age of 30. Spend some time in its counselling centre and you have to pinch yourself to believe that survival in this day and age can be so difficult.

A young man walks up to an elderly woman counsellor, sitting behind a desk. She motions him to be seated. "You have been accused of raping your 12-year-old cousin," she says getting straight to the point. "Did you do it?" "No" mutters the youngster — he could not have been older than 17. Then follow a series of sharp questions and sullen answers. Apparently, one evening, when he returned home from an outing, the boy pushed his 12-year-old cousin — they were part of a joint family living together since birth — into a corner and raped her. The boy's parents are now called in by the counsellor — father and uncle enter, followed by the mother. She is about to sit on one of the two chairs, when her husband already seated, motions her to let the uncle sit. All through the session, she stands by her seated son's side. She is also his most shrill defence.

Ultimately, they tell the lady counsellor, "We will do as you instruct us." She is obviously a woman they both fear and respect. Her name is Charumatiben Yoddha.

Later, she talks of the different cases that come to her. A single girl wants to follow her guru into an ashram but the father threatens to tie her up at home or marry her to the first available male; a girl from a Patel family (a high caste) has secretly married a Vaghri (a not-so-high caste) boy while both were studying at University and neither set of parents will accept them.

"So many different issues are tangled up together, that it is not easy to unravel the knots. I find there are no simple solutions to women's problems," honestly admits a 60-year-old social worker who has been working in Ahmedabad for more than two decades. She and the small band of concerned women like Pushpaben and Charumatiben are battling away as best they can. The time has come for the younger generation of women in the city to examine the different aspects of the problem and to express their own concern for their sex in some tangible way.

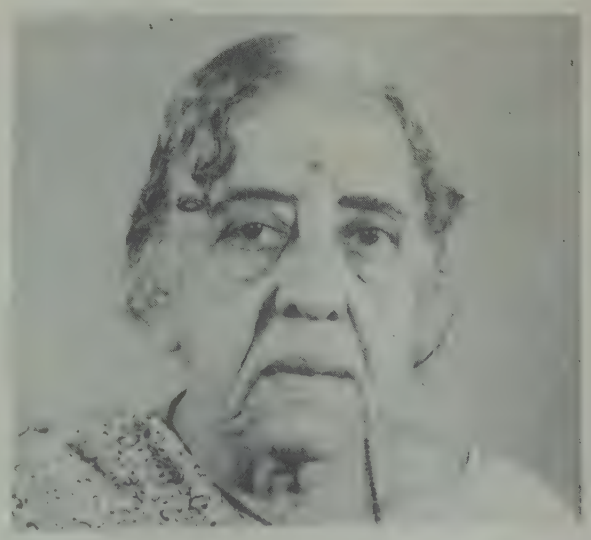
CHARUMATIBEN YODDHA

A ONE-WOMAN ARMY

She is a living legend in Ahmedabad. "She has rescued women from a den of **goondas!**" "She has been threatened with murder!" — the stories about Charumatiben Yoddha, one of the founders of "Jyoti Sangh", Ahmedabad's famous women's welfare institution, flow thick and fast in the city.

"Once a husband cut off his wife's nose because he thought she had deceived him and when I took her away, he swore to cut mine," Charumatiben chuckles as she recalls her numerous exploits. A veritable one-woman army, she has helped women escape from the clutches of drunken husbands, intervened to check child-marriages, organised satyagrahas before homes where the women's hair has been shorn as soon as they are widowed. She has entered brothels without any escort and challenged the 'dalals' who often bought 12-13 year old girls to work there as prostitutes, after promising their parents that they were taking them to the cities to get married.

"I have never had any weapons. I once felt I ought to keep a revolver. But then I asked myself, if I do not have any inner strength, then what use would a revolver be?" she replied when I asked her what she used for self-defence.



The incident which made her famous in Ahmedabad was one which had occurred early on in her career. She heard that a woman had been captured by a burly **pathan** while she was working in the fields. Although the villagers had heard her cries, none dared to intervene, as the man led a gang of lawbreakers. Charumatiben, as soon as she was informed, went straight to the **pathan's** house.

"There was a whole **mohallah** of them. Even the police pampered them. I used to drive a jeep in those days. As I drove up to the door, I glimpsed a woman's face behind a window. Before anyone knew what was happening, I was in through the door. The woman was sitting huddled in a corner, I pulled her up and before the **pathan** could intervene we were in the jeep and driving off. He gave chase. I drove straight to the police station, had a case of abduction registered, and put the woman in the care of some friends."

The **pathan** followed her home, marched up to her house and demanded the woman back. Whereupon Charumatiben promptly tried convincing him that such behaviour did not befit a gentleman — and succeeded. All this dare devilry in a day and age far more conservative than the present.

She and her friends were universally disliked in the beginning when they started their crusade of rescuing distressed women. "When we heard that a woman needed our help and went to her home to investigate, the menfolk would shout at us and ask us, — Why have you come to break up our homes". Society would curse us and the rumours that spread about us were unbelievable! In fact, when we started this rescue work, some senior citizens came to remonstrate and we almost had our ears chewed off," she recalled. They also taught the women self-defence, physical fitness exercises, cycling — all of which was observed and mocked by a scornful public.

Slowly the institutions she and her band of colleagues started, "Jyoti Sangh" and "Vikas Griha," began to grow and flourish. Scorn was silenced, and today it is replaced by awe and respect.

I asked her the reasons for her involvement in the cause of women's emancipation. She said she had joined Gandhiji in the independence struggle. During those years, she saw that many women had left the security of their homes to join in this battle. "They were not all educated, but they were strong. We did not want such women to go back to their kitchens once we won freedom. There was so much they could do for the country and their own sex." And the best way to keep them involved was to remain involved herself.

She firmly believes that with economic independence, a woman gets confidence. Her institute, "Jyoti Sangh," teaches woman traditional crafts and trades as well as Government recognised courses in language, stenography, the fine arts and music.

She says she realises that women have a long way to go before they can win dignity and an equal status. But she also says that she will continue to work until she is able to do so. For "this is my life," she says.

S. A.

We are sorry to report that since this interview was done, Charumatiben Yoddha has died, aged 68.

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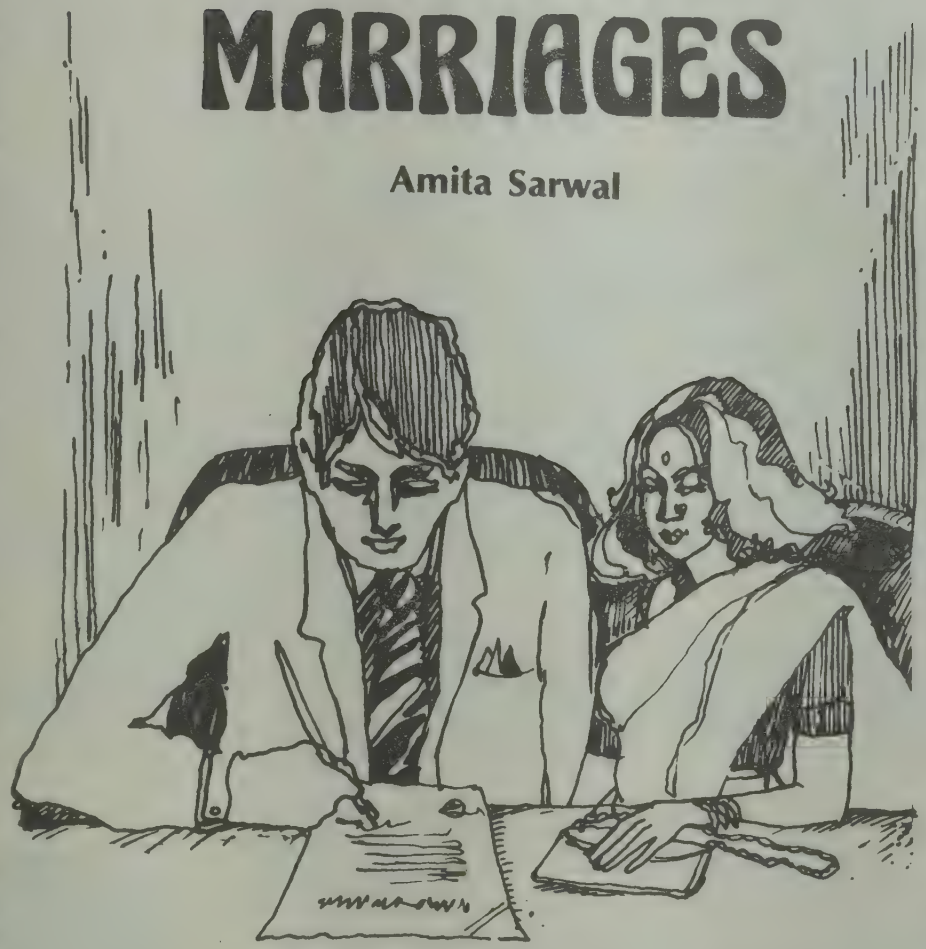
and now, CONTRACT MARRIAGES

Amita Sarwal



A REPORT FROM AHMEDABAD ON THE PERNICIOUS PRACTISE OF "MAITREE KARAR" OR CONTRACT MARRIAGE WHICH IS A CONVENIENT WAY OF CIRCUMVENTING A FIRST MARRIAGE AND DODGING THE TAX MAN

When 18-year-old Savita fell in love with her Iranian classmate, Imtiaz, they wanted to get married but there was the usual opposition from her parents. For one thing, the boy and girl were too young (Imtiaz is 20). Secondly he was still studying for his graduation and was in no position to support a wife. Besides, he was of a different religious and cultural background and Savita's parents were worried whether their daughter would be either accepted by her future in-laws or fit into a lifestyle in Iran, totally diverse from her conservative, orthodox, vegetarian background.

But the youngsters were adamant. They filled a form and "legalised" their marriage. As soon as the parents got wind of this, they forcibly took Savita home and she has been practically housebound since.

Imtiaz then approached "Jyoti Sangh," a welfare organisation, to help him get back his abducted "wife". "I told Imtiaz to get a warrant issued against his in-laws. But when I saw the marriage certificate I realised that we were on a very weak footing. The marriage certificate was false. How could he, a Muslim, marry the girl, a Hindu, without being converted? The Hindu law doesn't consider a marriage such as this valid. On further enquiries we found that the name and address of the pandit given on the form, who had supposedly performed the marriage, were not authentic. All that these two had done was to go to a registrar and sign a contract marriage form," said the social worker in charge of the Sangh.

"A contract marriage without any legal standing costs Rs. 25 in all. Rs. 10 for the stamp paper, Rs. 10 for registration and Rs. 5 for drafting the contract document," she explained. "Of course, there are the go-betweens who help the couples into getting the 'legalities' completed without any hassles and they fleece their victims. We've had cases where the couples have paid Rs. 300 to Rs. 600 for this ceremony," she explained further.

"Jyoti Sangh" couldn't help Imtiaz get his bride back and in a year's time he will complete his education and return to his country, in all probability treating this episode as a part of his youth. But what of Savita? She is already ostracised by her society.

"We feel sorry for her, but our hands are tied," said the social worker. "We get such cases every month and keep telling the women that they are being cheated. They are just mistresses to the men who lure them into this contract. But usually they come for help after the deed is done. We are fighting against the system, but have not received any positive response from the authorities. You know why," she said, her eyes ablaze with anger, "because most of those people up there go in for such relationships themselves." Contract marriages are being 'solemnized' at an average of five to six a day in this city and are becoming increasingly popular.

There are many reasons for this popularity.

The wives in most cases are very involved with their homes and children and are thus unable to provide companionship to their men, who in turn seek it outside. These 'other' women too are getting smart. To safeguard their interests, they insist upon entering into this kind of a 'marriage'. The two parties concerned are signing a bond which they feel justifies them to go through a relationship akin to marriage.

The man, in normal cases, would have to undergo a divorce to enable him to remarry. A contract marriage does not demand a divorce from the first wife, thus saving the man a lot of harassment.

Young girls go in for it in cases where there is parental opposition. For an insignificant sum and no questions asked, they feel they have legalised their relationship.

"What we do," the social worker continued, "is help get court settlements for the first wife and children. Such men are unwilling to support them. We threaten them with court proceedings in case they are unwilling to give financial aid. We, at 'Jyoti Sangh', go in as witnesses, our stand being: If he says he is financially unable to support his first family. how can he go in for a second one?"

Kunjbala Trivedi, also with the Sangh, and who documents most of the 'maitree karar' cases, then related another incident from her thick file of records.

Nineteen-year-old Usha was forcibly married off to a 30-year-old man because her parents didn't approve of her friendship with a neighbour's son.

A year after her marriage Usha, who had resumed her studies again, one day bumped into Ramesh (her boy friend). He offered her a lift home. The old flame was rekindled and the two started seeking each other. Meanwhile, Ramesh who had also got married soon after Usha, was father of a two-month-old son.

Ramesh, who was doing rather well in his family business, could afford to buy a flat where he and Usha had their clandestine meetings. After a while he convinced Usha to leave her husband and return to her parents, assuring her this was the first step towards each of them separating from their respective spouses, getting a divorce and ultimately marrying each other.

When Usha didn't return to her in-laws' home after a couple of months, staying on at her parents' under one false pretext after another, they gave her an ultimatum to return or said they'd sue for a divorce. Neither her parents nor her husband or in-laws had any inkling of her friendship with Ramesh. She used to supposedly go to college and that was the time she spent with her lover. When Usha's father pressurized her to return to her husband's home, she and Ramesh got "married" by signing the contract and Usha shifted to her new husband's flat

Ramesh meanwhile continued seeing his wife and child regularly and supporting them financially. After the first flush of the honeymoon was over, Usha started objecting to these visits to his family. Quarrels started. After one particular fight, Ramesh left and didn't return for two weeks. On the night he returned there was a massive fight. Usha locked herself up in the kitchen, poured kerosene over herself and threatened to burn herself if Ramesh didn't promise to stop seeing his first

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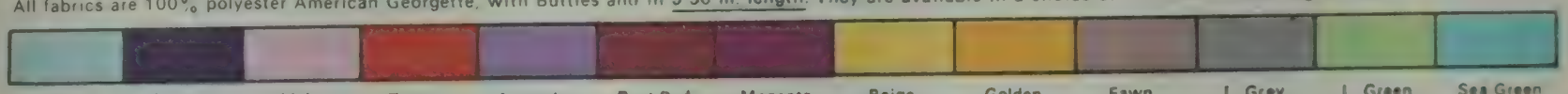

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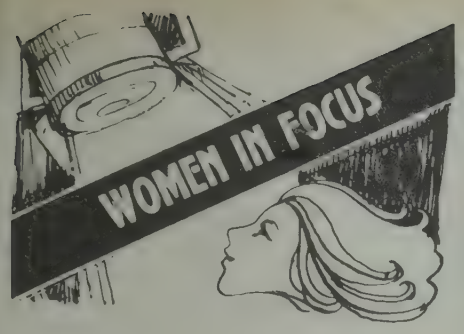


CHITRA, ASHA AND RAKSHA SHAH

A DEDICATED TRIO

When they first invented contacts, an American advertising agency had plagiarised Ogden Nash, and the pernicious slogan which became popular went like this : "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses." And though it is true that women are still the largest buyers of contact lenses, and it is for their cosmetic rather than their therapeutic value that lenses are used by both sexes, doctors do recommend contacts to people as a means of preventing myopia from deteriorating. Here in a clinic in Calcutta run by three young women, Chitra, Asha and Raksha Shah, contact lenses are being put to a variety of revolutionary, therapeutic uses.

Apart from ordinary contact lenses, the clinic also manufactures lenses which correct night blindness, colour blindness and the eye defects inherent in albinos. They are also the sole manufacturers in India of a new lens called the Boston Lens, devised and patented at the Harvard Medical School, where the three sisters studied. All the special contact lenses are made at the clinic under the supervision of the Shahs. The three girls are very young and one cannot help marvelling that they have chosen such an unusual and demanding profession.

The whole field of contact lenses and optometry has obviously advanced rapidly only in the last ten years or so, and the new advances seem to have taken their time to reach us. Optometry, for you and I, is a science which deals exclusively with the anatomy and mechanism of the eye and the correction of subnormal vision. The Misses Shah got their Diploma in Optical Sciences (D.O.S.) from Calcutta at the same time, travelled to London where they did a course of Optometry and Contact Lenses at the University of London, and from there went to Boston, Massachusetts. From the Department of Ophthalmology of the Massachusetts Eye & Ear Infirmary, Harvard they completed their training in advanced fitting and the making of modern contact lenses, which includes the aids for night blindness etc.

The clinic was started by Dr. H. M. Shah the father of Chitra (24), Asha (23) and Raksha (21) and all four are at present joint owners and co-directors of what is now a private limited company. Apart from the laboratory where the lenses are made and the clinic where the fitting is done, there is also a research centre and a training institute called the Contact Lens Foundation, on the premises.

"My daughters were free to take up any career," said their father. "Alternatively they need not have worked at all as there was never any problem about money. But they were all so keen to work with me that I encouraged them to do the D.O.S. along with their graduation from Calcutta University, and sent them abroad together for further training." The girls brought back a lot of American and British equipment for manufacturing the new type of lenses and have made the laboratories very up-to-date. They personally supervise the work of about 20-30 trainees and lensmakers who are each specialised in a particular stage of contact lens making.

"We were from the beginning fascinated by my father's work. We used to spend a lot of our time at the clinic watching him and learning," Chitra told me. She is a plump, pretty young woman with a very unassuming manner. Asha is a quiet, efficient-looking girl with lovely features. Raksha perhaps is the most striking of the three. Meeting them I remembered another trio of Gujarati girls, the famous Zaveri sisters. Chitra, Asha and Raksha are not dancers and their fame rests on a complicated and tedious science, but their dedication and team-work is probably equal to that of the Zaveris.

Aparajita Sinha

AND NOW, CONTRACT MARRIAGES

wife and child. At this stage a panic striken Ramesh called the neighbours. They broke open the kitchen door and rescued the kerosene-soaked Usha. Meanwhile, one of the ladies' present called up a social worker, who came and took Usha to "Jyoti Sangh."

Usha now had nowhere to go. Her father refused to have anything to do with her. "She's been dead for me since the day she ran away with Ramesh," he told the social worker.

Ramesh, the "contracted" husband turned the tables by saying that it was Usha who had trapped him into this relationship and broken his home as well as hers!

By now, knowing that there was no home left for her anywhere, the social worker managed to force Ramesh to pay a lump sum to Usha as out-of-court settlement. Fortunately, Usha had a copy of the 'contract marriage form' in her custody. Usha is today on her way to leading a normal life. "Jyoti Sangh" has got her a job and she continues living in one of their rescue homes.

There are many such cases with slight variations. But the basis is the same — a contract marriage.

"We will continue this crusade," said the social worker. "I've written letters to the chief justice, chief minister and many other prominent citizens.

"We want separate registrars appointed for marriages only. And also to make it compulsory to have a social worker with each registrar who can investigate into the authenticity of the marriage and the couple's background. But the registrars want to make a quick buck, so naturally, they wouldn't like 'interference' of any kind. We are helpless because we can just guide and advise them and tell them they are doing the wrong thing. We can't force them not to marry," she pointed out.

Giving the other side of the picture was a lawyer who preferred to stay anonymous — "so that I can speak freely."

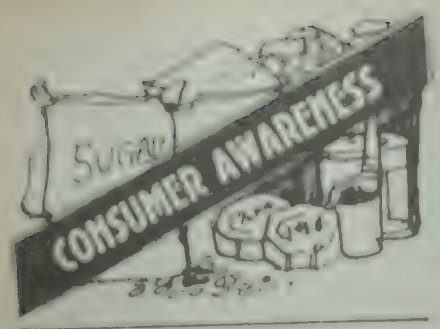
"Yes, admittedly there are four to five of these contracts registered practically every day. It's simple. Just like all transfers and transactions of properties are registered, similarly these marriages are also registered. The two spouses make a contract for companionship and friendship, similar to any agreement between two parties for immovable properties.

"It's true also that this form is becoming very common in this city — also among the higher echelons of society, but I consider it the ideal answer to a strained marriage on the verge of collapse. Isn't it similar to the ancient form of Gandharva marriage?" he asks.

The advantage, according to him — naturally for the male! — is that he can indulge in this "maitree karar" which literally translated means "friendship agreement", without changing his religion.

"Contract marriages are made possible because of the numerous loopholes in the Marriage Act. Personally, I consider an institutionalised marriage as a mere piece of paper.

"There are some other plus points in this marriage," continued the legal advisor. "They are used as an escape from heavy taxation. The incomes of the husband and wife are clubbed under certain taxation laws. To avoid this, a divorce by mutual consent, or 'consent divorce' as it is colloquially known, can be obtained in six months. Within a couple of hours of it being formalised, the divorced parties get their 'contract marriages' registered, and," he smiled, "they continue to live happily ever after."



The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

CUSTOMER COMPLAINTS: IN COLD STORAGE

Mr. P. R. L. had been saving for a number of years to buy a refrigerator for his family. Soon after he purchased the much longed for refrigerator — we received the following letter.

Dear Madam.

Complaint against x Refrigerator 165-litre

With great enthusiasm, having seen the huge advertisement in a leading English newspaper for x Refrigerators, my wife and I went to the stockists, near our house in Chembur, and ordered the much advertised refrigerator.

I would like to inform you that it turned out to be the most miserable day of my life. The story begins on 3rd October, 1979 when I received the 165-litre regrigerator from M/s.——— Electronics of Chembur, Bombay 71. On the first day, I saw a dent on the door of the refrigerator and noticed that the door would not fit properly on the body. I made by first complaint to the above mentioned dealer. The mechanic arrived after three days and when I asked him about the dent on the door — he informed me that it must have occurred during transit from the showroom to the house.

After exactly twenty days, the refrigerator stopped functioning. I lodged a **second complaint.** The mechanic came and inspected the compressor and other parts. He turned up again after four days and changed the defective parts. After another fifteen days, the refrigerator stopped working again. I lodged a **third complaint** and the mechanic came and removed two small parts and replaced them with new ones. The very next day the refrigerator went out of order. I lodged my **fourth complaint** and the mechanic came and checked the parts, and told me, that he would change them, **as and when** the parts were available. The parts were replaced after **four days.** Soon afterwards our refrigerator stopped functioning once more. We lodged our **fifth complaint.** The regular mechanic came and inspected the refrigerator and calmly told us that he would depute another mechanic to remove the compressor. **Six days have passed** but nobody has turned up so far. Is this not a case of cheating the public? I have not purchased the refrigerator as a show-piece, but as an appliance for daily use.

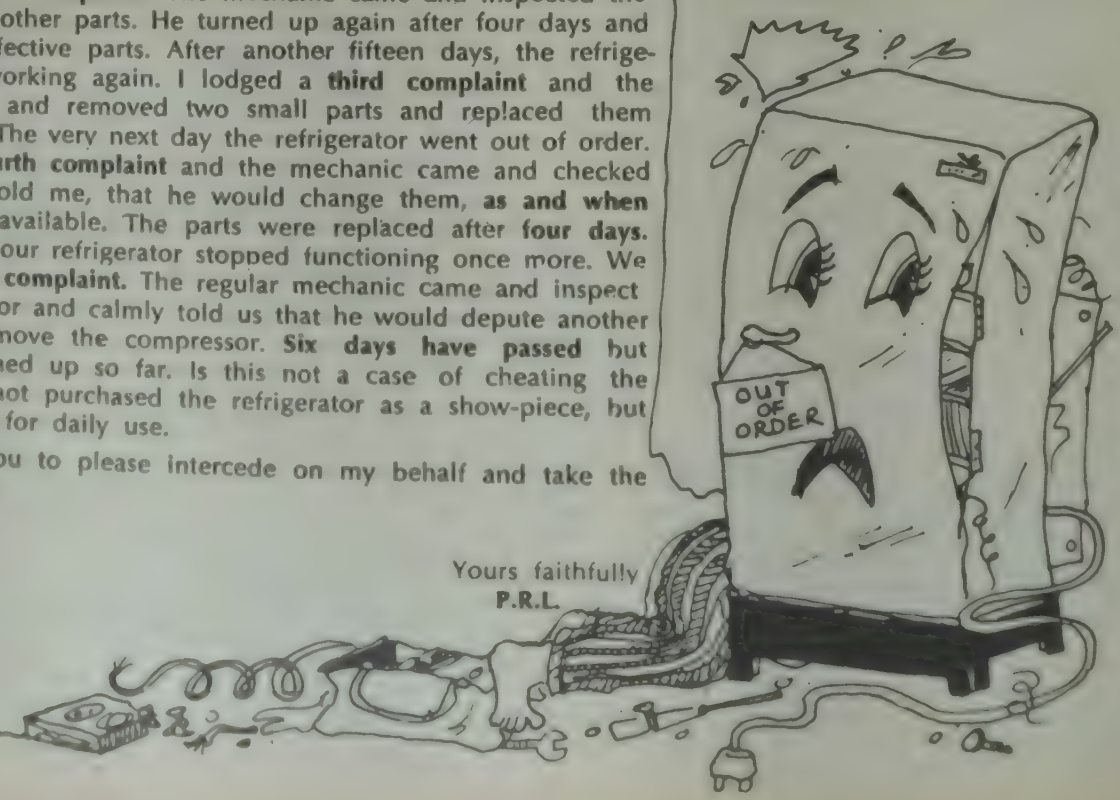
I request you to please intercede on my behalf and take the necessary action.

Thank you,

Yours faithfully
P.R.L.

Mr. P. R. L. like many other midle class consumers had to wait for a long time before he could afford to buy a refrigerator. His wife and children had looked forward to that day, when they would enjoy the comforts of a refrigerator — preserve their fresh fruits and vegetables and have long cool drinks on hot summer days. Instead they got burdened with a refrigerator which heated their tempers and dampened their enthusiasm. Mr. P. R. L.'s letter was a cry of distress and a signal for help. The end of the story is that the refrigerator was at last put right — but after much correspondence between C.G.S.I. and the manufacturers. Mr. P. R. L. is still quite bitter at the harrowing experience he has had since purchasing the 'much advertised' refrigerator.

The problems which P.R.L. encountered are not uncommon, nor do they relate to one particular brand of refrigerator. Whenever we have had talks with the manufacturers about defects in newly purchased refrigerators the reply is the same — usually tinged with righteous indignation. 'But we have never refused to replace the parts during the warranty period' — or 'Our after-sales service is quite good — whenever there is a problem our mechanics have always attended to it'. Some go so far as to put the blame on the consumers — 'Some customers have a habit of complaining!' Why should brand new refrigerators go out of order so many times? Why should parts have to be replaced so often? Why should consumers have to wait 3 and 4 days for the mechanic to arrive and diagnose the problem — and another 3 to 4 days to replace the parts? As Mr. P.R.L. rightly stated, a refrigerator is not a showpiece — but an appliance for daily use.



Strict QUALITY CONTROL would perhaps reduce the number of defective parts in new refrigerators. Consumers would not be so frustrated and service departments of manufacturers would not be harassed by frequent calls from irate customers.

One manufacturer wrote to a protesting consumer 'Since one year's guarantee on the thermostat of your refrigerator had already expired, a week earlier — our mechanic charged you for the replacement. **Though it is not the general trade practice to give guarantee for the replaced part, supplied on charge basis — we do take moral guarantee,** and hence the thermostat which was replaced in your refrigerator on 7/8/79 was further replaced **free of charge** on 8/9/79, as it was defective'.

Such statements by manufacturers go to show how little the Indian consumer can demand as his right. Manufacturers spend lakhs of rupees on their advertisements, they promise the consumer the earth, moon and stars. Is it asking too much that he should get a trouble free refrigerator which does not go out of order every few days or months?

Mr. W. G. Wagle, M.Sc. (Tech.) of Vile Parle rightly stated in his letter of complaint 'It is the responsibility of the manufacturers to supply a product of his manufacture which is fully functional as promised to the consumer'.

Pushpa T. Motwani

THE FLORAL THEME

Enterprising housewives Pratibha Swarup and Shail Dhingra live amidst the picturesque surroundings of Dehra Dun. Their love of nature, its flora and fauna, has resulted in an interesting hobby — decorating household items like ceramic containers and vases, mugs, ash-trays, candle-stands, wall plaques comprising tiles, with delicate flowers and floral sprays moulded from clay. Various kinds of flowers and buds, stems and leaves are moulded by hand and glued to the items in pleasing compositions. These are allowed to dry then painted in required colours. A final coat of varnish gives the finishing touch.

Pratibha is the vice-principal of a Montessory school while Shail is an active social worker. Both have pooled their talents to create these lovely pieces. Starting with small, informal exhibitions at their house, they "graduated" to their first show in Bombay which proved a success. Featured here are some of the exhibits.

Photographs : Talyeb Badshah

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What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

49 DAYS by Amrita Pritam; Chanakya Publications; Price Rs. 45.

Perhaps the best known woman novelist of the Punjab, Amrita Pritam's work is striking in that it retains an ethnic flavour without any of the constraints of parochialism. Her latest novel, "49 Days" weaves together a tapestry that is as rich as it is varied. It is the story of a man and woman's struggle for self-realization through independent but mutually enhancing work. Into this central theme are woven many vibrant threads. There is a strong indictment of society and the government. There is a powerful portrayal of Hindu/Muslim brotherhood in a friendship of loyalty and commitment. And there is a sense of continuity that spans beyond life and time, to permeate into the subconscious and to reach for metaphysical essences. Miss Pritam handles this complex canvas admirably.

The book begins with Sanjay hallucinating in a delirium as he hovers on the brink of death, grief-stricken at the death of his beloved Meeta. His friend Karim looks after him, not only administering to his physical needs but also assuming the role of the Messenger of Death to record the vivid imagery of his wild hallucinations. As Sanjay recovers and reads the jumbled jottings, the creative writer in him recognises it as raw material for a book. He starts to work on his first major project.

Karim's job at a local printing press enables him to get proof reading assignments for Sanjay to live on. To the reader, it also provides insight into the corruption pervading the publishing world which is used by politicians and diplomats to perpetuate a parallel currency of black money. Sanjay's book gets completed. It is serialized in an English language magazine. But it can get published in Urdu, the language in which it was written, only in a heavily censored form. For Sanjay's description of the hell he visits in his half-dead state resembles too many real-life situations.

Sanjay and Karim decide to start a printing press of their own and rope in Karim's son, Salamat to type-set the machine. But ironically it is his daughter Shirin who with her indefatigable spirit and resourcefulness earns her place as their colleague and confidante. Her relationship with Sanjay is born of a hero-like fascination for his creativity. Slowly it matures into love whose flames are fanned with mutually growing respect.

Perhaps the main flaw in the book lies in its treatment or rather in its denial of inter-personal conflict. To this critic it appears unlikely that any relationship much less a Hindu/Muslim friendship in a middle-class background would be able to survive unless it faced and tackled inevitable conflicts both within the relationship as well as in the external environment. So, while one appreciates the close bond between Sanjay and Karim, one learns little of the trials that would have been part of cementing such a bond and the trickle effect into our own lives remains limited.

That said, it must also be said that "49 Days" weaves together "a tapestry of rich and royal hue, an everlasting vision of an ever-changing view....."

THE FIRST 365 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A CHILD edited by Theodore Hellbruegge and J. Hermann von Wimpffen; Published by Max Mueller Bhavan; Price Rs. 24.

Perhaps it is the hormones. Perhaps it is the excitement of a new life experience. Perhaps it's the awesome responsibility of having a life dependent on us. Whatever the reason, most mothers become quite child-centered in the first year after the first baby is born. Nappies, feeds and growth-charts are watched with one-half and three-quarters of an eye, and if babies survive despite us, it is a tribute to an innate resilience that tells them when to ignore us.

Baby books are naturally welcomed with all the enthusiasm reserved for greeting a messiah. "The First 365 Days in the Life of a Child," however, is different from the usual genre of baby books. It is the outgrowth of research conducted at the Institute for Social Paediatrics and Juvenile Medicine at Munich, Germany, to help parents identify physical, visual, hearing, perceptual and social handicaps, so that these can be corrected or the child offered special aids at an early age. It consists of a series of photographs with captions noting the upper age limits for significant milestones in the development process. Prof. Hellbruegge believes that a child does not develop a problem only because of a physical disorder but often because the disorder is detected too late.

Prof. Hellbruegge has conducted seminars and workshops in Bombay where his system of testing — Functional Development Diagnosis — was successfully applied to Indian children. The book will not only be useful in families with congenital defects, it will also be reassuring to mothers ever watchful about their child's progress.

The book has been translated from German by Lilian Khare.

WHERE MOUNTAINS WAIT by Fran Wilson; Silhouette Romance; Distributed by India Book House; Price Rs. 12.68.

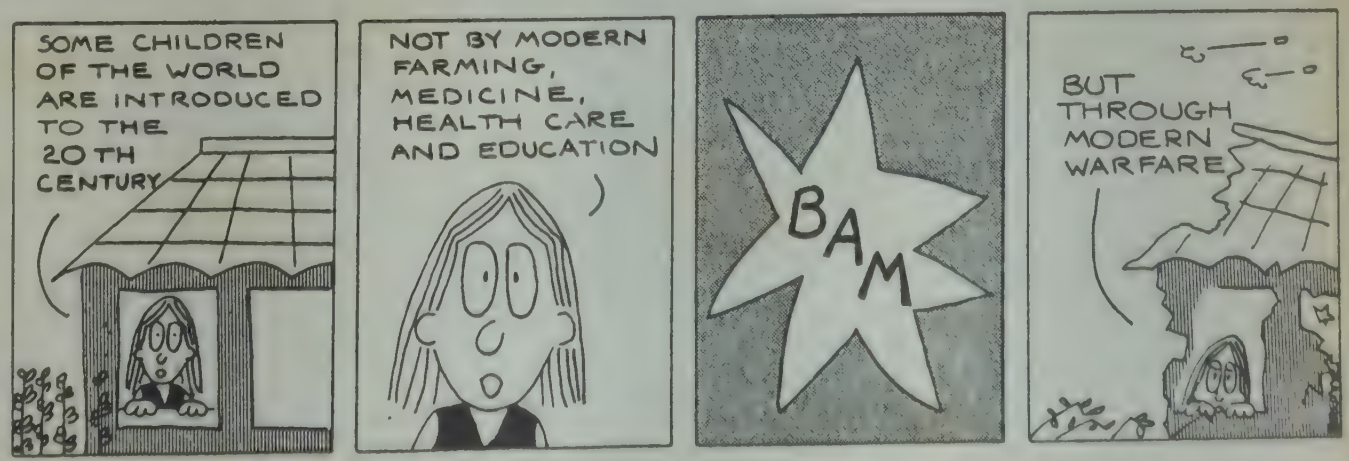
SHADOW AND SUN by Mary Carroll; Silhouette Romance; Distributed by India Book House; Price Rs. 12.68.

The ever-popular Mills and Boon line of romantic fiction has a rival. A new venture, Silhouette Romance has recently been launched and several established Mills and Boon writers are reported to have crossed over to the Silhouette club. The publishers' note stresses that "the stories follow a well-established formula that guarantees satisfaction-enjoyment with every book." Each month six new novels will hit the newsstands in the implicit faith that (to quote the publishers again), "romance business is repeat business."

While intellectuals have typically scorned these off as escapist nonsense, it is possible that romance stories may actually be serving a healthy purpose by keeping down blood pressures and by reducing the need for barbiturates. And since romance is, as even readers of romance are well aware, so elusive in life, why not enjoy it in print? At least in print broken hearts always get mended before the story ends. It's the formula. And it's sure to sell.

"Where Mountains Wait" and "Shadow and Sun" are two of the first titles released.

Meher Pestonji


SOME CHILDREN OF THE WORLD ARE INTRODUCED TO THE 20TH CENTURY
NOT BY MODERN FARMING, MEDICINE, HEALTH CARE AND EDUCATION
BAM
BUT THROUGH MODERN WARFARE

Courtesy : UNICEF

MAKING HEADLINES!

JOE

It is fascinating to see Joe at work. In a matter of minutes he transforms a plain Jane into a fab girl with versatile styling of her hair. "It is rewarding to see an instant change in a woman's appearance when she emerges from the salon with a new hairstyle. . . with greater self-confidence," he says.

Contrary to popular belief, the beauty business has its fair share of dedicated males — male beauticians, models, fashion designers and, of course, hairstylists like the experts featured here

A Kashmiri Brahmin, Joe was brought from Srinagar to Bombay by Jacques, owner of the hairdressing salon at the Taj. This was way back in 1944. After his training at the salon, he worked here for four years. He then left for the U.K. "I gleaned a lot of knowledge working in London salons." After his return to Bombay he set up his own salon — Joe's Hairdressing Salon.

Talking about the hair-do's of the 40's Joe says, "In those days women sported elaborate hair-do's comprising bouffants, pin-curls, lacquered waves, curls and ringlets. But over the years, hairstyles have undergone a radical change — they are now much simpler and softer. I prefer styling short hair which need no setting. In this hectic pace of life, easy-to-maintain styles are most practical."

A dedicated worker, Joe is proud of his profession but is rueful of the social stigma attached to the work.

Photographs : Tayyeb Badsiah

A no-fuss, easy-to-maintain hairstyle by Joe — ideal for the busy housewife/career girl.

Shown alongside is a no-fuss hairstyle — "a good cut is important" — by Joe for the busy housewife/career girl in her twenties/thirties. Its plus points: It goes well with a dress/sari; is suitable for any occasion; it requires no setting, just blow dry. Or after a shampoo, comb hair in place, let dry, brush gently — that's all to it.

Chakresh Jain

M. A. SABRI

It was while Sabri was schooling in Dehradun that he read an article on an ailing hairdresser. in the Reader's Digest, which changed the course of his life. The well-known hairstylist had an operation and was convalescing in a clinic in Switzerland. His clients which included TV and movie stars, socialites and celebrities from all walks of life flooded his room with flowers and candy and get-well cards. Some of them even went to see him personally to wish him a speedy recovery.

To Sabri such adulation was most astonishing and at the first opportunity he enrolled himself at a beauty and hairdressing salon at Dehradun. His teacher was surprised at the speed with which he learnt. He had the right touch and he was a true artist. From Dehradun to Delhi to Bombay, Sabri learnt under many teachers. And because of his inborn talent he become one of the most sought-after stylists in Delhi. Most ladies of the diplomatic corps are his clients and even the first lady of the country, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, had her hair attended to by him.

Now he heads the Hairdressing Department of Bindiya Beauty Salon at Maurya Sheraton, Delhi. Sabri was sent by the I.T.C. hotel management to do an advanced course in hair colouring and styling at Vidal Sassoon, London. Sabri feels that Indian women should keep their hair long, not very long, but they should follow "long styles" as they go better with their dress and complexion.

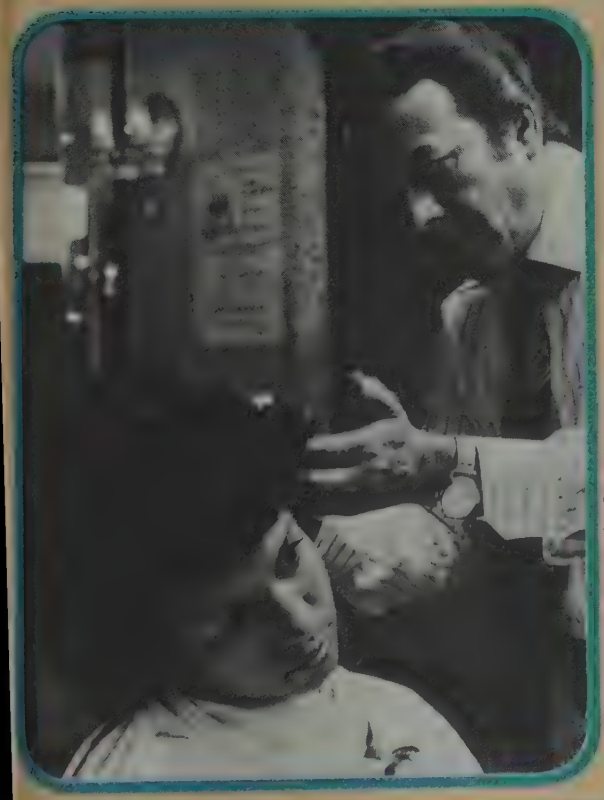
There are hairstyles to suit all moods and occasions. "A cut can make all the difference — be it perky, chic or sophisticated. A new cut and style can bring about a complete change in one's appearance," he says. Habib tries to give a perfect cut so that you can manage it on your own without too much effort. He is a wizard where proper cut is concerned.

Head of the Hairdressing Department of Silhouette Beauty Salon, Oberoi Intercontinental, Delhi, Habib has an impressive list of courses to his credit. He obtained his diploma in Hairdressing and Cosmetology from Noris Institute, London, in 1968. He did a course in hair cutting and styling at Vidal Sassoon, London, in 1975. In 1979, Habib completed an advance course in geometric cuts at Brund Dussange De Paris and at Alexandre De Paris; also at Nolton Brown, London, and Noris Institute, London. Habib has given several programmes on television.

P. H.

An attractive style by Habib for mid-length hair. It is elegant and chic yet gives a natural look.

Photographs : Avinash Pasricha



Photographs : Avinash Pasricha

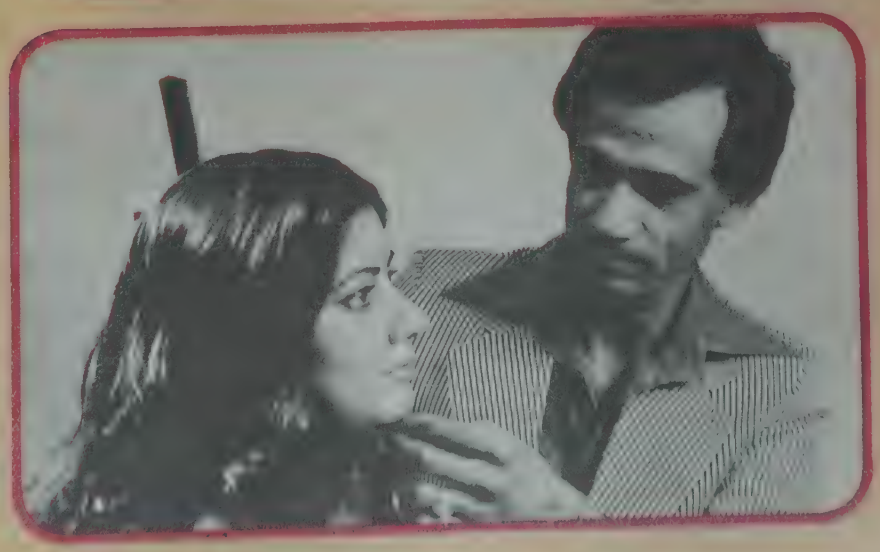
Sabri calls this very practical style "Wash and wear".

Although the natural look is in Sabri feels very few can carry it: "We Indians have a tendency to follow styles set by the West, which is our weak point." He feels that the hairstylist should discuss the styles with the clients and advise what suits them best.

Pushpa Hans

HABIB

"Women are becoming increasingly aware of their hairdressing needs," says Habib, one of the most popular hairstylists in the capital. He says that hairstyles, like fashions in clothes, keep changing. In the 80's the catchword for both fashions and hairstyling was "versatility".



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USP

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MEN IN THE BEAUTY BUSINESS

Namdeo Gurav was working for a milk centre. One day an acquaintance told him about a job in a five-star hotel. Namdeo jumped at the opportunity and there he was, working as a shampoo-boy with Oberoi Towers, Bombay.

He did not go to any school to learn his new trade. Shampooing and massaging hair, he learnt while on the job. "It was easy," he said. "Only massaging took some time because one needs to know the type of hair the client has. Some types need a lighter hand, some might want a hard massage."

"I like doing it," he said. But when asked if he would like to do some other job, his eyes sparkled. "What job?" he promptly asked.

Namdeo is a very young person and has just married a girl of his choice. And yet, his wife does not know what kind of a job her husband does in the multi-storeyed hotel. Namdeo has not told his wife about his shampooing women's hair. Not that she would suspect him, but it hurts his male ego.

Quite similar is the case of Mr. Pande, the pedicurist at the Taj Intercontinental, Bombay. He is a tired man of about 52 years. He has been curing people of corns and callouses for about 29 years. He had started as a salesman with the Bata shoe company. They were sponsoring a few people to go to Czechoslovakia to receive training as pedicurists. Taking this chance, Mr. Pande returned to India as a trained pedicurist.

"There is not much to learn in this kind of a job. You learn as you go on." Mr. Pande is an expert in the job. His numerous clients who are aware of his skills prefer to bear with aching feet than get treated elsewhere. At times he has only advised the client to change a pair of shoes to cure a foot which has a recurring case of corns.

A client is a client, whether it is a man or a woman, says Pande, but adds: "If I were given a choice, I would not have chosen this profession. I cannot do anything else."

But it is not so with Anand Singh, working in 'Chiron' — the beauty shop at the Centaur, Bombay. He loves his work so much that sometimes he works continuously for about 14 hours a day without any lunch break. He started at the age of 10 under the guidance of his father and elder brother. At the age of 35 he has made Bombay his home. He prefers working in Bombay because "this city is much ahead of the other cities in India. People here understand and value the work that we do."

While doing hair he always improvises. "It is like bringing out the beautiful shape of a stone just by chopping off the unnecessary portions. It is all a matter of experience." Not only hair, he does manicure, pedicure and even facials.

On the other hand, Anil Peningirikar is the make-up man for many film and stage artists. Anil is a devoted worker. Assisting a director he slowly started experimenting with make-up. But he soon switched over to wig-making.

As far as these male beauticians are concerned, the client's satisfaction is the ultimate goal. Anand, for instance, has to be tactful and cannot insist that a customer have a particular hairstyle in spite of his knowledge that this is 'the' style for her. Though he guides the client, his word cannot be final. He has to compromise somewhere. He cannot afford to displease his client.

Though there are very few male beauticians, competition is stiff. And the fear of every man — what to do for a living when the demand goes down — exists in each and every one of them.

Alpana Killawala

"I UNDERSTAND they have a curfew law in this village," said the visitor to the proprietor of the general store.

"No," he answered, "they did have one, but they abandoned it."

"What was the matter?"

"Well, the bell rang at 9 o'clock and almost everybody claimed it woke them up."

* * *

"WELL, Bill," said a neighbour, "I hear your boss has fever. How's his temperature today?"

The hired man scratched his head and decided not to commit himself. "It ain't for me to say," he replied. "The boss died last night."

* * *

FRIEND whispering a warning to girl in the barest of evening gowns: "Someone is talking about your back behind you."

* * *

IN a small resturant there was a notice on the wall: "Please do not insult our waitresses by tipping them." But on the cashier's counter was a small white box with a slit across the top, labelled, "Insults."

* * *

A HOLLYWOOD moghul who has never learned to read or write has managed nicely by signing his cheques with two crosses. His banker telephoned him recently.

"How about this cheque here, it's got THREE crosses."

"My wife has social ambitions," explained the moghul. "She thinks I should have a middle name."

* * *

A MAN came upon Lincoln blacking his boots in the basement of the White House. He expressed his astonishment by saying, "What Mr. President, are you blacking your own boots?"

"Of course," answered the President, "whose else should I be blacking?"

* * *

A CONGRESSMAN remarked one day to a man noted for his wit, "Sir, I am a self-made man."

The wit answered, "That

Sir, relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility."

* * *

A MAN was speaking down the tube to the janitor of the building, who was in the basement. Not being able to make him understand anything, the man said, "There's a blithering idiot at the end of this tube."

Quick as a flash janitor replied, "Not at this end, Sir."

* * *

ONE of Disraeli's admirers, speaking about him to John Bright, said, "You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished. He's a self-made man."

"I know he is," retorted Bright, "and he certainly adores his maker."

* * *

A POETRY lover living in France once sent a telegram to a poet he admired. "It said "Congratulations to the greatest living poet in France."

Back came a telegram in reply saying, "Sir, I reject your congratulations. I am not the greatest living poet in France. I'm the greatest living poet in the whole world."

* * *

"OH I just love nature," gushed the dowager with more than the usual number of chins.

"That's loyalty for you," remarked Bob Hope, "after the damage nature has done to her."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

FASHION

A look at the new boutique clothes — an impressive array of hand printed sarees and kurta sets that are new, gay and young in fashions. Clothes to live up in because they are so crisp, so carefree and because they stay that way through the day.
The "Exotique" boutique of Delhi offers a wonderful variety of cottons, mulmuls, organzas and

Fascinatingly designed with skill and sassy spirit — a ometrical print in red, white and navy blue highlights e skirt and pallav edge of this white saree; A gay com- nation of prints — a traditional printed saree is adged th a striped border and pallav in red

A fresh and lively look! A Rajasthani handloom kurta brilliant red is coordinated with a duo print combination yoke and sleeve edge in various hues of blue, green a yellow. Matched with plain churidars and a similar printe

XOTICA!

organdies with refreshingly different prints — traditional as well as graphics, exclusively and creatively designed by ASHA VIRMANI.
Her designs are truly exotic, having a delicate and a dramatic touch, yielding high return in chic. They are smashing, dashing and right to brighten your fun loving hours!

; A handloom kurta churidar ensemble in yellow gorgeous yoke appliqued with a medley of printed Similar print repeats at the sleeve edge. Traditional entice the dupatta edge in red.

The season's newest! A tie and dye print cleverly coordinates with a floral print on a neutral saree. Tradi floral paisleys form a circular motif enhancing the pallu edge of this unusual printed saree. The broad border once again has a combination of print and stripes.

Photographs : Baldev

Her first pay packet in her hand symbolising her new-found independence and happiness, Seema thinks of the recent nightmarish past.
Petted and spoiled by her family she always got what she wanted and what she wanted was a rich bridegroom. Her parents scraped together a respectable dowry and got her a rich husband whom she did not see till the day of the marriage. They next day they left for Ranjit's house — a huge sinister looking place where she received a cold welcome from her mother-in-law.

NOW READ ON . . .

BORN AGAIN

Nomita Grover

PART TWO

DINNER was over with the three of them sitting around the large marble-top table and little conversation. The same maid, who appeared to be the only servant around, served them and announced in the beginning, "Babuji wanted his dinner to be served in his own room." The lady of the house listened, paused for a moment and nodded briefly, as if it were an every day occurrence. Only later did Seema find out that most of the evenings her father-in-law was so drunk he could hardly stir out of his bed. What a joyless life. Seema thought, so much wealth and no one to enjoy it.

So little wealth now, Seema thought with a happy smile, and so much to enjoy, so much to look forward to. The real pleasures of life, she had long discovered, were absolutely free: sadly enough she had ignored that in her past assessment of life. She was barely 25 now, she thought, and had her whole life ahead of her. She would proceed cautiously, step by step, and give her life a truly fruitful meaning, sapping the last drop of energy in her to achieve her goals. At last she had woken up and freed herself of the shackles that had held her back.

Alone with her husband in their room on their first night together Seema went through the most indescribable experience. Nothing she had ever read about or learnt about marital relations fitted in with her own experience. Seema really didn't expect to get drowned in ecstasy but what happened was the most humiliating, excruciatingly painful and almost savage experience she had ever had in her life. She had been a virgin all along and the crude event totally shattered her. Ranjit just asked her roughly to come nearer and nearer. . .and pretty soon it was all over. It was brutal, all take and no give, no tenderness, just a selfish urge and a man's rights demanded, and no apologies, an incident that was to be repeated night after night. Afterwards he just turned on the other side casually and fell asleep. Seema let her tears roll down onto her bright flowery pillow case.

The following morning she woke up to a loud pounding on the door. Ranjit turned lazily towards her and literally snarled at her, "Well, are you going to roll in bed all day?. . . Get up and open the door." Seema hastily gathered her housecoat around her and walked ahead to open the door. It was the maid outside. "Maaji wants you downstairs," she said briefly and disappeared. After a quick wash Seema ran down the spiral stairway and found herself face to face with her mother-in-law on the first floor landing.

"You come from a middle-class family," said she to Seema. "It is therefore unbecoming of you to sleep till so late an hour." Seema hung her head in embarrassment. "I wake up about five every morning," said she again. "You'll get up early enough to bathe and dress, and join me for the puja to the family deity. . . afterwards you'll get breakfast ready. The men leave for work around 8.30 in the morning. And in our family a daughter-in-law touches the feet of the elders when she greets them in the morning. . ." and on and on she went that morning and each morning thereafter, till Seema was overwhelmed with all her instructions and overworked beyond her limits.

So it had been, with Seema, day after day, week after week, with additional responsibilities thrust upon her shoulders till she almost reached her breaking point. After two months with her in-laws she desperately wanted to visit her folks, but this was denied to her repeatedly. "Let them come and ask for you," said her mother-in-law. "Besides, with what face are they going to come and ask for you?. . . The quality of your dowry is demeaning. . . not enough gold and the TV looks like a used one. . ." There was no end to her accusations. Seema had wept and one night had pleaded with her husband to let her go at least for a day to visit her folks. "You belong to me," he said impatiently. "You belong to this house. Isn't it enough that we have accepted you?. . . Now don't bother me and let me sleep."

Seema had prayed fervently that someone from her home would come to fetch her but her prayers remained unheard. No one turned up. Have they all forgotten me so soon, she often thought in her misery, or have they all forsaken me for good? What she really never learnt was that visitors from her parents' home were not even allowed to pass through the tall iron gates. They were sent back on some pretext or the other. . . that she was out of town, that she had gone out shopping, that she had accompanied Ranjit to see a movie, that she was out to meet a girlfriend of hers. The last time Seema's folks came to see her they were bluntly told that their daughter didn't wish to meet them any more, that she was quite content living with her in-laws and didn't want to be disturbed. Seema's aged parents were heartbroken. What could have happened to their adorable daughter, they kept asking themselves again and again, to reject her own flesh and blood in such a blatant manner?

After four months with her husband, when Seema found herself pregnant, she found it more and more difficult to cope with her heavy household responsibilities. She was almost a nervous wreck. One morning during puja as she handed over the lighted diya to her mother-in-law, her fingers trembled uncontrollably. The older woman flew into a rage. "Woman!" she hissed at Seema between clenched teeth "You are showing disrespect to the family deity. . .!"

"Please Maaji. . .!" Seema pleaded, "But I. . . I mean. . I. . . don't feel too good. . ."

"Shut up, you bitch. . .!" the old lady yelled at her and gave her a rough shove. The diya toppled over and the hot oil from it splattered all over Seema's palm. She groaned in pain. In panic she got up at once to run out of the puja room. She stopped short at the door — her father-in-law stood blocking the way. There was a

malicious smile on his lips. Seema was frightened at the strange expression on his face. As she stood staring at him he turned to his wife and ordered. "Take care of her." Then he just left.

The old lady dragged Seema by her hair down the spiral stairway to the ground floor and into a small room at the back where she pushed Seema inside. Seema had never been in that room. It was a small one with just an iron bed inside and a small bedside table. There was a medicine box on that table. Seema was still sobbing as a resounding slap from her mother-in-law stunned her into a giddy silence.

"You are a fake. . ." her mother-in-law was frothing at the mouth with anger. "You are a cheat and so are your parents. . . they saddled you on our back without enough compensation! . . . What do you expect in this house? To be treated like a queen?" She caught hold of Seema's shoulders and shook her violently, then abruptly she let go of her so that Seema lost her balance and fell backwards, banging her head against the wall. She slid down slowly to the floor in a semi-conscious state.

"Now stop faking tears," she screamed at Seema. "Get some ointment out of that box and use if you so need!" Thus saying she stormed out of the room closing the door after her. Seema struggled for a while to bring herself to a fully conscious state.

Seema's head throbbed with pain as she got hold of the medicine box. What kind of living hell is this, she asked herself. If her in-laws didn't approve of her, if they were so enraged about her inadequate dowry, then why didn't they send her back? Where was Ranjit who was supposed to be her protector? Why was he so indifferent to her, rarely talking or even looking at her? Was something wrong with him? What did Babuji mean by saying, "Take care of her"? He too treated her with contempt. She stared at the swollen blisters on her right palm as she opened the medicine box to search for some suitable ointment. It was filled with all kinds of bottles and vials, and rags, and what were these — sanitary napkins?

After she had applied an ointment for burns and nursed herself she tried to open the door to get out but it was locked from outside! Seema tried hard to pull it open with no luck. She banged on it again and again, crying out to be released but no one came to her rescue. Finally, cold, hungry and exhausted she fell asleep on the iron cot.

When she woke up again it was dawn. She rubbed her eyes and saw her mother-in-law standing in front of her. Panic seized her again as she started pleading with the old lady, "Please Maaji . . . please forgive my mistakes . . . you see, I feel so giddy each morning; I'm pregnant Maaji, and it's your grandchild I'm carrying. . .!"

"Get up!" her mother-in-law ordered sharply. "Go get dressed after a good bath! If you are pregnant it's problem." She dragged Seema out of the room and pushed her up the spiral stairway. Seema sobbed as she ran upstairs towards her room She entered her room and found Ranjit still rolling in bed. "You slob!" she blurted out with all her frustration, "Aren't you the least concerned if I live or die?" "Shut up!" he thundered, "You should be happy I have accepted you!. . . Now get my breakfast ready on time!" He got up lazily and lit a cigarette.

What kind of living hell is this, she asked herself. If her in-laws didn't approve of her, if they were so enraged about her inadequate dowry, then why didn't they send her back? Where was Ranjit who was supposed to be her protector?

That was how long back, Seema tried to think. More than four years, at least! She was abused, beaten, punished and starved. At times she thought she was slowly going out of her mind.

One evening Seema had entered the bathroom to take a quick shower She had felt hot and nauseated. She bolted the bathroom door from inside when she was startled by someone stirring in the dark behind the shower curtain. She switched on the light and opened her mouth to scream when she checked herself. She saw the maidservant stepping out of the shower stall with her finger pressed on her tight lips, an obvious gesture to keep silent.

"What the. . .!" Seema started to speak.

"Shhh. . ."

The maid placed an ear on the closed bathroom door to make sure nobody was outside. Then she turned to Seema and took her in her open arms. She

Continued on page 38

Our showcase of innovations!

Formica* Decorative Laminates have as many uses as there are surfaces.

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PERSONAL CHOICE

'GUJJU' SPECIALITIES

As she remembers, Jayna Patel was always interested in cooking and has been a good cook ever since she tried her hand at wielding the ladle.
Jayna has an enterprising job at a leading insurance company which enables her to meet people from all walks of life.
She often studies various dishes of different nationalities to enhance her culinary skills. Cooking she handles in an efficient, practical manner.
The typical Gujarati menu suggested by her has been made with minimum effort, using less oil, a few extra spices and by using less expensive ingredients.
But her creative talent doesn't end at cooking only. She also takes equal interest in painting and reading.

CAPSICUM SABJI
(MARCHA NU SHAK)

6-7 capsicums
1½ cups gram flour
A pinch turmeric powder
Green chillis, ground
1 tsp. coriander and cummin powder
Juice of ½ lemon
2 tsps. sugar
A pinch asafoetida
A pinch soda bicarb
¼ tsp. mustard seeds
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. oil

Heat oil. Fry the mustard seeds and asafoetida. Add the chopped capsicum and a pinch of soda bicarb. Let it cook for three to four minutes. Add salt, turmeric powder, green chillis, coriander — cummin powder, lime juice and sugar to the gram flour. Mix well. Add half teacup of water

Photograph : Talyeb Badshah

to the capsicum. When it starts to boil, add the gram flour mixture. Mix well. Cook for five minutes. Serve hot. Garnish with tomatoes, onions and coriander leaves.

DUBKA KADHI

¼ kg curds
½ tbsp. gram flour
1 cup whole moong dal
Green chillis, ground
A pinch asafoetida
Coriander leaves, chopped
Curry leaves
¼ tsp. fenugreek seeds
½ tsp. cummin seeds
½ tsp. ghee
Oil for frying
Salt to taste
Sugar to taste

Soak the whole moong dal overnight. Wash well to remove the skin. Grind to a thick paste. Add salt and the green chilli paste. Mix. Drop spoonfuls of this mixture in hot oil. Deep fry. Heat the ghee. Add curry leaves, asafoetida, fenugreek seeds, cummin seeds. Then add the whipped curds with gram flour. Add about three glasses of water. Boil. Add green chillis, sugar and salt to taste. Half an hour before serving, add the fried dubkas. Serve hot. Decorate with green chillis and coriander leaves.

FRENCH BEANS WITH DHOKLI

(PHANSI MA DHOKLI)

½ kg French beans
1½ cup wheat flour
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. red chilli powder
¼ tsp. aniseeds
A pinch asafoetida
A pinch soda bicarb
2 tsps. coriander and cummin powder
1 tsp. sugar
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. oil

Mix the wheat flour with half of turmeric powder and red chilli powder. Form into a dough with water. Heat oil. Splutter the aniseeds and asafoetida. Add the finely cut French beans with soda bicarb. Let it cook for a few minutes with water. Add salt, remaining turmeric powder and red chilli powder, coriander and cummin powder. Make small flat, round circles of the prepared dough mixture. Add to french beans. When the dough rounds are cooked, add the sugar. Serve hot. Decorate with grated coconut and coriander leaves.

PATRA TURIA CUCUMBER

10 colocassia leaves
300 grams turia (gourd variety)
100 grams cucumber
1½ cup jaggery, dissolved
1½-2 cups tamarind water
Green chillis, ground
A pinch soda bicarb
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. red chillis
1½ tbsps. gram flour, sieved
A pinch asafoetida
Salt to taste
2-3 tbsps. oil

Mix the green chillis, jaggery, salt, soda bicarb, turmeric powder to the gram flour. Add water and make a thick paste. Wash the leaves. On the reverse side, apply the prepared paste and roll. Steam them. When cooked, cut into circular strips. Heat oil. Fry the mustard seed, asafoetida and soda bicarbonate. Add the cut strips of turia and cucumber. Add three cups of water. When cooked, add salt, red chilli powder, turmeric powder, jaggery and tamarind water. Add the cut patras. Cook for a few minutes. Serve hot.

SURTI UNDHIYA

FOR THE MUTHIAS :

½ bunch fenugreek leaves
2 cups wheat flour
1 tsp. salt
5 tsps. oil
½ tsp. turmeric powder
2 tsps. sugar
1½ tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste
1 tsp. coriander and cummin powder
2 tbsps. curd
Oil for frying

FOR THE FILLING:

½ coconut
2 bunches coriander
3 tsps. ginger-chilli paste
2 tsps. sugar
1 tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
½ bunch green garlic
5 tsps. oil

FOR THE VEGETABLES:

6 surti baigan (small)
¼ kg yam (ratalu)
200 grams sweet potato
8 small potatoes
100 grams seedless papdi
100 grams papdi seeds
2 raw bananas
Salt to taste
Oil

FOR THE MUTHIAS:

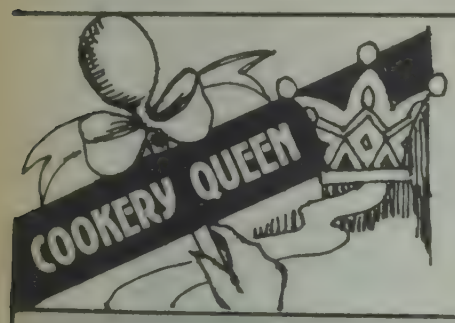
Cut the fenugreek leaves finely. Wash and drain the water. Add one teaspoon salt. Form into a dough and squeeze to drain excess water. Leave aside.

Take the wheat flour. To it add oil, salt, turmeric powder, chilli powder, sugar and coriander-cummin powder. Add the leaves and curds. Take the mixed ingredients and form into small balls (elongated). Deep fry. Keep aside.

FOR THE FILLING:

After leaving aside little grated coconut and chopped coriander for the vegetables, take the rest of the grated coconut and finely chopped coriander. To it add the salt, sugar, ginger-green chilli paste, garlic paste and turmeric powder. Add the oil and mix. Leave aside.

Heat. Pour half tea cup water papdi and papdi seeds. Add little grated coconut and coriander. Also add half teaspoon ginger-chilli paste, salt and soda-bicarb. Heat. Pour half tea cup water and let it boil. Simmer. Place the chopped yam at the bottom of a dekchi. Stuff the brinjal and potato with the prepared filling. Place them above the yam. On top of this place the sweet potatoes rolled slightly in the filling. Cover the dekchi for five minutes. Then place bananas and muthias. Let the vegetables cook on low flame. Remove and serve hot.



SPINACH SPECIALITIES

NEETA SRIVASTAVA, Lucknow.

Miss Srivastava wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Tava from Trupti Industries and a gift hamper from Weikfield.

SPINACH KADHI DELIGHT

FOR THE BALLS:

250 grams spinach
2 cups gram flour
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. cummin powder
1 tsp. garam masala
2 cups water
2 tsps. oil
Salt to taste
Oil for deep frying

FOR THE KADHI:

250 grams spinach, boiled and ground
½ cup gram flour
2½ cups thick curds
4½ cups water

GRIND TO A PASTE:

8 cloves garlic, flaked
1 medium onion
1 inch cinnamon
1 tsp. coriander seeds
2 cloves
2 inch piece ginger
1 tsp. chilli powder
5 pepper corns
1 cardamom
1 tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
A pinch asafoetida

FOR THE GARNISH:

½ cup ghee
½ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. cummin powder

TO MAKE THE BALLS:

Wash and chop the spinach finely. Add all the ingredients to the gram flour. Add water. Mix evenly into a watery paste. In a kerahi heat two teaspoon oil. When hot, add the thin paste. Stir till dry and thick. Remove and make even size balls. Deep fry in hot oil.

TO MAKE THE KADHI:

Cut and boil the spinach in half cup water. Grind and add to curd, and water. Beat well and add the leftover spinach water if any. Heat the oil and add the ground paste. Fry. Add the beaten mixture. Cook till thick.

Before serving, line a shallow dish with the fried balls. Pour the hot kadhi on top. Heat ghee. Add the chilli powder and cummin powder and pour on top of the spinach kadhi. Serve hot with ghee chapattis. Do not overcook the balls or they will loose shape.

Mrs. Harjinder Babra, Assam.

SPINACH GOL MAL

1 kg spinach
2 eggs
1 cup soft breadcrumbs
2 onions
2-3 tbsps. butter
FOR THE FILLING:
2 onions, sliced
2 tomatoes, chopped
Little butter
3-4 eggs, beaten
Salt and pepper to taste

Clean and wash the spinach. Cook without water with a little salt. When well cooked, sieve in a colander to a fine pulp. Meanwhile fry the chopped onions in hot butter until tender. Add the spinach, pulp, breadcrumbs and the eggs. Season well. Form into a ring and set in the oven.

Fry the onion and tomatoes until soft in a little butter. Add the beaten eggs. Season and cook till the eggs are scrambled. Fill the centre of the spinach ring with this scrambled mixture.

Mrs. Sainathan, 99 APO.

CHEESE FISH PUFFS WITH SPINACH SAUCE

¼ cup butter
¼ cup flour
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup thick milk
1 cup cheese, shredded
1 cup fish, flaked
1 egg white
Pepper and mustard to season
8 buttered custard cups
FOR THE SAUCE:
2 big bunches spinach
2 tbsps. cornflour
1½ cup milk
100 grams butter
25 grams cheese
Salt and pepper

In a pan melt the butter. Add flour and salt to form a paste. Add milk and cook until the mixture thickens. Stir in cheese. Stir constantly, until the cheese melts. Mix the fish with seasoning and add to the cheese mixture. Beat the egg white until stiff. Fold into the fish mixture. Set the custard cups in a baking pan. Fill the cups to the top. Pour hot water into the pan around the cups. Bake for thirty minutes. Invert the puffs on a serving plate. Serve with spinach sauce.

TO PREPARE THE SAUCE:

Wash and cook the spinach without water. Strain and squeeze to remove the excess water. Grind to a fine paste. Melt half of the butter. Add the spinach paste and cook till the liquid evaporates. Heat the remaining butter in a pan, add flour and cook for a minute. Remove from the fire. Add the milk. Cook on a slow fire till the sauce thickens. Remove from the fire, add the grated cheese, salt and pepper. Mix well and add the cooked spinach paste. Cool.

SUSHILA SADHWANI, Thane.

Mrs. Sadhwani wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a set of 3 Thumb-Press Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 4-plate Steam-Thru from Meera Metal Industries, Bombay.

NAVRATAN DILKHUSH

100 grams beans
100 grams peas
100 grams carrots
100 grams cauliflower
100 grams kamal kakri
100 grams suran
200 grams potatoes
200 grams paneer, cubed
A handful of cut macaroni
400 grams tomatoes, blanched
4 medium sized onions
1 small piece ginger
4-5 green chillis
A bunch coriander leaves
8-10 cloves garlic, flaked
Garam masala to taste
¾ cup butter
Cummin seeds, roasted and pound
FOR THE GRAVY:
1 cup milk
8 cashewnuts
2 cardamoms
1 tbsp. poppy seeds

FOR THE GRAVY:

Soak the cashewnuts, cardamoms and poppy seeds in milk for two hours. Grind to a paste.

Cut all the vegetables into pieces and steam together along with the boiled macaroni. Deep fry the paneer. Remove. In little ghee fry all the above vegetables for five minutes. Grate the onions. Mash the tomatoes. Grind the ginger, garlic, green chillis, coriander leaves, salt. Add the garam masala.

Heat a little oil and butter. Fry the onions till golden brown. Add the masala mixture and keep stirring till it leaves the sides of the dekchi. Add the milk paste and all the vegetables. Stir. Then add the tomato pulp and the required quantity of water. Bring to boil. Sprinkle garam masala and cummin powder.

Mrs. Leela Kumar, Bangalore.

SPINACH RICE

3 bunches spinach, chopped
1 cup rice
3 tbsps. ghee or oil
Juice of 1 lemon
½ tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. turmeric powder
TO BE POWDERED:
2-3 inch pieces cinnamon
1 tsp. coriander seeds
4 cloves
½ dry coconut, grated
7 red chillis
6 cashewnuts
1 tbsp. black gram dal
1 tbsp. Bengal gram dal

Fry all the above ingredients in little oil till golden brown. Remove and powder finely together with the dry coconut. Wash the rice. Cook in pressure cooker, remove and keep aside to dry. Heat the ghee. When hot, add the mustard seeds. When they begin to splutter, add the turmeric powder, and the chopped spinach. Fry for five to ten minutes over medium fire. Add the powdered masala. Stir well for two minutes. Remove from the fire then add the cooked rice, cashewnuts, salt and lime juice.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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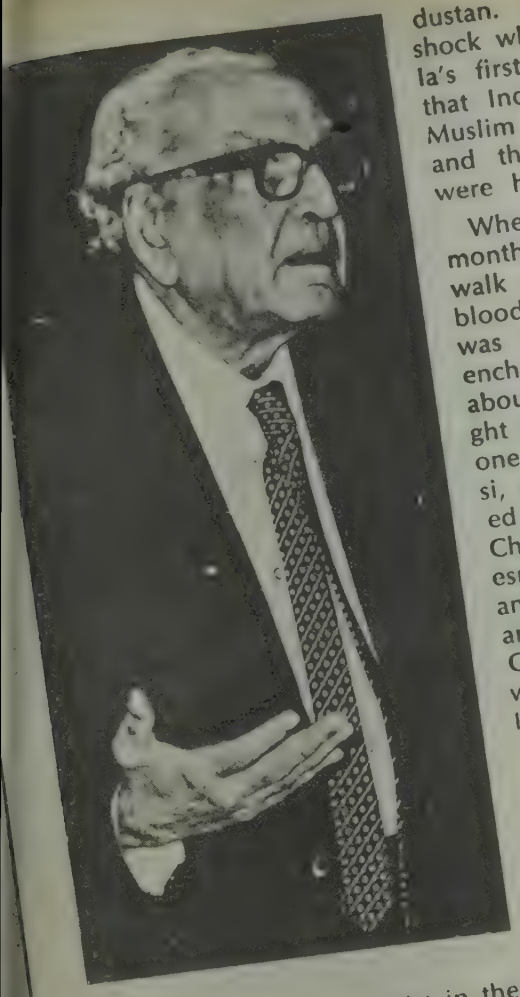
THE KISSAN RANGE

mixed fruit, pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, mango, apple, apricot, Goldenmist orange marmalade and guava jelly.

A LITTLE SWEETNESS GOES A LONG WAY

Kissan



HE was a true secularist in the tradition of Nehru and Gandhi. But like many of his contemporaries who had found the idea of a secular India a precious legacy, he was bewildered by the communal frezy and petty mindedness of Independent India. His critics called him a "token Muslim" just because he wasn't a fanatic. **Mohammad Currim Chagla,** a wonderful old-fashioned gentleman, died recently at the age of 81. He was a harsh critic of Mrs. Gandhi, especially after the Emergency, but she acknowledged him as a great son of India, despite their political differences.

As India's suave ex-foreign minister and diplomat, Chagla had done wonders to improve India's image abroad. In the late 50s Pakistan had launched a virulent attack on India to tarnish her image abroad. Chagla was travelling back to India after addressing the United Nations, when an Arab asked him if there were any Muslims in Hindustan. He nearly fainted with shock when he learnt that Chagla's first name was Mohammad, that India had the third largest Muslim population in the world and that many Important posts were held by Muslims in India.

When I met Mr. Chagla some months ago, he could barely walk because of insufficient blood circulation. But his mind was still razor sharp. I listened enchanted when he told me about the battles they had fought for secularism — how, when one of his dearest friends, a Parsi, died, he had not been allowed to take part in the last rites as Chagla was a non-Parsi. "It doesn't matter that you are a Hindu and I'm a Muslim. We are Indians," he said in a shaky voice. Coming from anyone else, it would have sounded banal, but I left with a lump in my throat.

* * *

EVEN before President Reagan has barely settled in the Oval Office, than the family scandals have surfaced. His adopted son **Michael Reagan,** 35, said to be the "square" of the family, and an active campaigner for his father, is facing charges of fraud. Michael's firm distributes gasahol, a blend of gasoline and alcohol derived from plants. He is alleged to have embezzled $17,500 from his company. He is also accused of selling shares for a company supposed to own a gold mine in Arizona, which never existed. However, Reagan's lawyer says that once the matter has been cleared up, he will be able to prove that his client is innocent. Let's see. At least in the U.S. such cases cannot remain hidden, as in India.

* * *

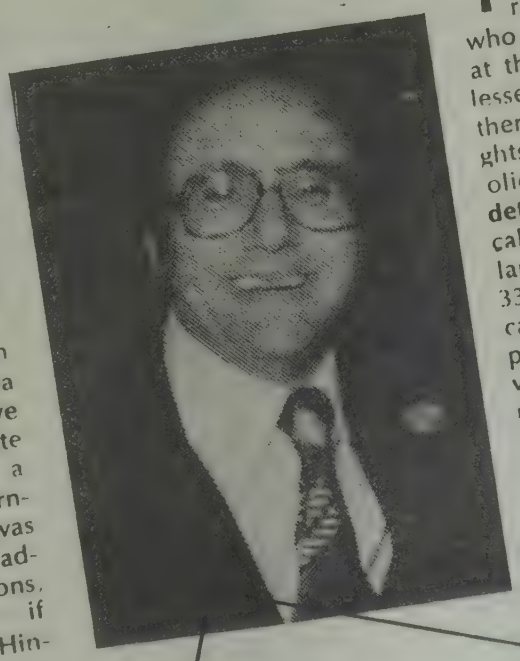
SHARAD PATEL claims to be a man with a conscience. And his contribution to raising the world's consciousness? He has made a $ 5.5 million film called 'Rise And Fall Of Idi Amin'. An Indian from Kenya, the 42-year-old producer indicated that he hopes to release his film here soon. It has already had a run in Kenya, Tanzania, Zambia and the U.K.

According to Patel, the people and events depicted in the film are true to life. He feels it is his mission to let the world know what happened to the people of Uganda under the tyrant, who let loose a reign of terror and murder for eight years while keeping the laughing face of a clown for public appearance. Patel calls Amin a "clown", a "monster", and a "coward"... because Idi Amin could never stand and fight.

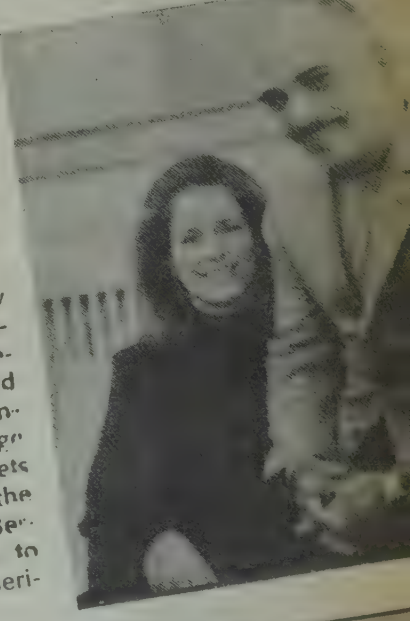
* *

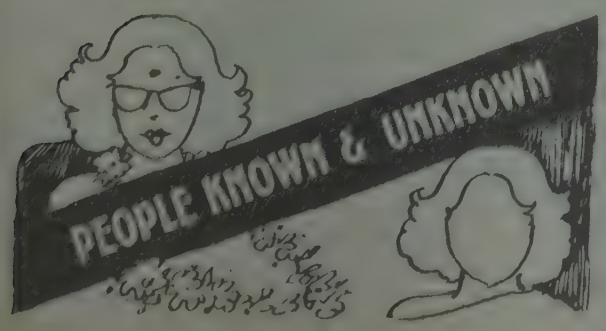
KING Hussein of Jordan goes through wives faster than a knife through butter. At 46, he has already acquired a fourth wife. The first was reportedly divorced over the phone, the second, Englishwoman Tony Gardiner, alias Muna el Hassan, was despatched after a few years to a small villa because of her half-hearted acceptance of Islam and because a more luscious woman came his way. This was the tall, slim, red haired Aliya Tukan, who died in a helicopter crash. Her place has now been taken by an American of Lebanese origin, **Lisa Halaby.**

As Time magazine so aptly put it, two-and-a-half years ago, she was just the daughter of a former Pan Am president, an aspiring architect and an all-American girl. At 29 today, she has as **Queen Nur,** mastered Arabic, become involved in her adopted country's arts and borne the king a son, Prince Hamzah, now nine months old. And another child — the king's tenth, including those from his previous wives — is on its way.



IN her heyday, she was a fiery, red headed political activist who got elected to parliament at the tender age of 22. She was lesser known as an unwed mother. The leader of the civil rights movement for Roman Catholics in Northern Ireland, **Bernadette Devlin** was at one time called the Joan of Arc of Ireland. Recently, Bernadette, now 33, and her husband Martin Mcaliskey, a well-known Irish Republican activist, were shot and wounded when unknown gunmen burst into their cottage home and pumped five bullets — two in the chest, two in the thigh and in the leg — into Bernadette. Her condition is said to have deteriorated and she's seriously ill in hospital.





ONE has heard of priests going on religious missions to convert people, but the same zeal is now practised by Konstantin Petrovich Shvets to convert people to atheism. His eyes shining with an evangelist's dedication, he said: "I was a believer (in Christianity) for 36 years and a priest for 16. But I couldn't go on with the religious life. I wanted to be a person with a pure conscience." Shvets and his 200 chosen colleagues are propagandists against religion who lecture regularly on atheism in Moscow's schools and factories. But as he points out, "You cannot go into a church, grab someone by his lapels and say, 'Look, there's no god'. The police would fine us for interfering in church activities. Converting people to atheism is a slow, gradual process." However, Shvets can take heart. It has been estimated that in Russia, only eight to 10 per cent of Soviet adults are genuinely religious. And each generation, it is said, has about one-third fewer religious faithful than the previous one.

BORN AGAIN

Continued from Page 31

patted her hair, her face, her shoulders, her body with great affection. "Poor child!" she said at last as Seema watched her wide eyed. "Poor little bird, trapped here. Didn't I tell you once, that no noise from inside ever filters out?"

Seema nodded and they both looked at each other meaningfully. "Child!" the maid said again, "I've seen this happening before. . . I've been here for 20 years, now I can't tolerate it any more. Do you know," she said with flashing eyes, "Ranjit's first wife was almost nine months pregnant when he and his father in a fit of rage beat her senseless! Oh yes, in the same downstairs room. I may as well tell you Ranjit often would get into those violent fits, so would his father. . . but I'm not going to let that happen again; you know where Ranjit was before he married you? In a mental hospital. . . for six months. Now listen carefully,. . . In a few days time I'm going to help you escape, don't look so suprised. Both the chowkidar and the maali will help. They are both deaf and mute, that is why they have been hired; only I can communicate with them. The mistress keeps me because I've helped her so many times to escape her husband's sadist wrath . . . so, be ready. . .!" So saying, the maid opened the bathroom door an inch, looked outside to check if anyone was around and slipped out silently. The rest of the evening passed uneventfully for Seema though she was dreadfully nervous.

The following morning Seema got up as usual, bathed, dressed and after the puja went to the kitchen to get breakfast ready. She was so nervous and jittery, she kept dropping things on the kitchen floor. The crashing sound of a broken plate so infuriated her mother-in-law that Seema was instantly showered with slaps and blows. "Please Maaji," she pleaded, "My head still hurts from yesterday. . ." But she couldn't finish. Maaji pushed her down the stairs again and in another moment Seema found herself in the same small room on the ground floor where she was locked once before. Her mother-in-law stood at the door for a moment before locking it when Seema cried out in pain. "God will punish you one day for what you're doing to me."

With blazing eyes the old lady stormed back into the room, locked the door from inside and stood in front of Seema, trembling from head to toe. "How dare you!" she said between clenched teeth. "You want me to be punished?. . . Do you know what makes me do all these things?. . .Then watch. . .!" In a moment the old lady had torn away all her clothing and Seema to her horror saw her mother-in-law standing in front of her stark naked.

"See this mark on my thigh? Your father-in-law hit me with an iron rod because I couldn't satisfy him one night!. . . And these stitches on my back? He hit me with a brandy bottle that broke on my back; I lied to the doctor saying I slipped in the kitchen and fell on a broken glass tumbler. The doctor didn't believe me and was ready to call the police. Since then he is more careful. . . See these blue marks on my breasts? He gives me electric shocks with a live wire because he considers me unfaithful!. . .Yes that's is favourite mode of punishment at present. . .But he hasn't beaten me for the last three or four weeks, do you know why? . . . Because his sadistic mind has now been directed towards you. . . and he wants me to take care of you. . ." She pointed at Seema with her long fingers as she continued raving "I'm only carrying out his instructions to escape being punished myself, because I want to live and I don't care if you die . . .! You know what I think? I think insanity runs in the family. . . . you say you're pregnant? So what? A madman's offspring is of little value . . how are you sure that the baby will be normal and sane. . .?"

She stopped abruptly as a loud knock was heard on the door. The old lady dressed quickly and opened the door. It was the maid. "Babuji said that he would like his breakfast in about 10 minutes," she said in a matter of fact tone. Maaji rushed up the stairs as fast as she could. The maid watched her disappear. She then turned to Seema and signalled her to follow in silence. She guided Seema stealthily towards the back of the building, where Seema never had been before. "Hurry!" said the maid. "Lose no time .. there's an ante-room there with a window with one bar missing. .!" Very cautiously she led Seema to the ante-room where she pushed a steel cabinet aside to reveal a closed window with thick layers of dust and cobwebs. The maid pulled open the window and pushed Seema up on it. "Hurry, climb up," she said, "Not much time to lose, the maali is waiting on the other side. Are you safely perched, dear? The chowkidar is waiting at the gate. All set? Now jump, and God bless you. . .!"

Seema jumped down and ran and ran. She barely noticed the maali or the chowkidar. She ran through the compound, the tall iron gates and into the wide open streets like one possessed. She just ran and ran and slowed down only when her lungs threatened to burst. Only then did she come to her senses. She halted for a moment, hailed a passing rickshaw, got into it and ordered the rickshawalla to her parents' home.

Upon hearing a loud pounding on the front door, Seema's mother got up hurriedly to enquire. Seema fell into her mother's open arms as soon as the door was opened. "Seema!. . beti! Is that really you?" Her mother's quivering lips couldn't say any further.

"Please. . ." Seema almost whispered, "Mama, pay the rickshawalla."

"Why of course dear, I will," she said, dragging Seema inside, "But what happened. . .what's the matter dear?" She placed Seema on the living room sofa, fumbled for the necessary coins out of her handbag and rushed out again to pay the rickshawman. She returned and cried out for the other members of her family to come to the front room

After that for Seema it was one barely remembered day rolling into another. She was hardly in control of her emotions. The psychotherapy helped and and Pappu's birth also boosted her morale. The divorce proceedings for her was another nerve-wracking experience. The judge conferred stiff punishment to both Seema's parents-in-law for ill-treatment of their daughter-in-law; for scheming a marriage between Seema and Ranjit who had just recently been released from a mental hospital and was barely ready for marriage; for holding Seema under forcible confinement and torturing her both mentally and physically and for causing her grievous bodily injuries after knowing that she was in the family way.

When the sentence was announced Seema's mother-in-law broke down. "Why should I be so severely punished when all the time I was forced by my husband into committing these acts?" she asked the judge. She sobbed, and bit by bit she came out with the terror stricken life she had been leading for the past 40 years, how she was forced by her husband into persecuting Seema so that her parents could be pressurised into paying a sizeable amount of cash as compensation against her 'inadequate' dowry, and how the actual marriage party was faked with a hired 'baraat' that accompanied Ranjit, because they were ostracised after the death of their first daughter-in-law by all their friends and relatives. She narrated how her first daughter-in-law had died years back in an advanced stage of pregnancy. She along with her long trusted maid had tried desperately to save the young woman from bleeding to death because they were not allowed to take her to the doctor for fear of prosecution. She narrated how she was fiercely dominated by her husband. So many sordid things were revealed to the court that the judge ordered a fresh hearing of the whole case while placing the old lady under the care of the nari raksha samiti.

The long and complicated legal battle at last ended in Seema's favour. Both Ranjit and his father were awarded the maximum punishment for the crime they had committed. Seema's mother-in-law received a lesser punishment. She was found to be mentally unstable after so many years of a tortured life. She was placed under psychiatric care to be followed by her sentence; the samiti agreed to take care of her afterwards.

Seema looked at her watch, it was almost 4.30 p.m. She prepared herself to pack up for the day. She still had some papers to correct, but she decided against doing it that night. She locked them away securely in the cupboard. Tonight, she promised herself, was going to be a gala night. I must hurry or else I will miss the bus. Pappu must be restless, waiting for me. She stepped out of the building amidst jostling children towards the school gate. The breeze was fresh and cool — she inhaled deeply. So nice to inhale the fresh air, she thought, to be free and to live again.

Concluded

GUJJUBEHNS (AND BHAIS!) OF THE FILM INDUSTRY—

and their tough climb to the top

SANJEEV KUMAR
Photograph : Rakesh Shresta

ASHA PAREKH
Photograph : Sanil

How many people have noticed that most of the Gujaratis in Hindi films are highly successful? Asha Parekh, Tina Munim, Sanjeev Kumar, Kalyanji Anandji, Nirupa Roy — all have reached the top and made a name for themselves. Could it have anything to do with their being Gujaratis, we wondered. After all the Gujarati community is well known for its shrewdness, acumen, business enterprise, ambition, drive and desire to get ahead in any sphere whatsoever.

We decided to find out what the Gujaratis themselves had to say about all this. . .

Asha Parekh was most offended when it was even suggested that Gujaratis treated cinema as yet another field to make money. "Of course we do not treat it as if it were a business; we, too, can be just as artistically inclined as anybody else. Just because we have earned ourselves a reputation for being wizards in business, it does not necessarily follow we treat film-making, or acting, as some business," she defended. All the other Gujju artistes heartily seconded Asha's defence. Sanjeev just smiled sweetly, "People dwell on your performance, not on whether you are a Gujarati or a Bengali. To the audience it's immaterial which community you hail from. All that they are interested in, is watching films worth the ticket money that they pay. And it's not just the audience; to give the Industry its due, it not only appreciates good talent but also promotes it without any prejudice. After all even they are interested in making good films with good artistes. Only then do they get their money's worth. Initially when we seek a break, people view us with scepticism and even hostility but if you're talented you can soon change their attitude." There lies a lot of truth in what Sanjeev says with so much conviction because, despite his grave illness and his habitual latecoming, he still continues to be the directors' favourite.

The biggest difficulty all these Gujju stars encountered when they sought a break into Hindi films, was the language problem. All of them, without exception, had to go through the rigmarole of mastering the Urdu language, to be able to read the script which is normally written in Urdu. Nirupa Roy, Asha Parekh and Sanjeev Kumar — all of them have been through it. The latest Gujju who is at the receiving end of snide, catty remarks for her diction and acting is Tina Munim. Well aware of her handicap, Tina confesses: "I know my diction is bad, but I know I'm improving with each film. If one compares my recent films with my "Baaton Baaton Mein", however prejudiced a person may be, he'll have to concede I've improved. I really try very hard. Though I'm a Bombayite, my Hindi was atrocious and I took lessons in Urdu as well as Hindi. The main hurdle is in mastering the language and diction. I'm aware that Urdu loses its charm if it's pronounced with an accent and this is where I'm left at a definite disadvantage. In "Deedar-e-Yaar", a Muslim social film, I speak a lot of Urdu and H.S. Rawail never okays my shot until I'm perfect and so far he has been very encouraging. Coming from a superb director like him I'm content, so I'm convinced there's hope for me."

Sanjeev, too, says, "One tends to feel at a disadvantage — at least I did feel so when I didn't have the hang of Urdu and at times like this I used to crave for

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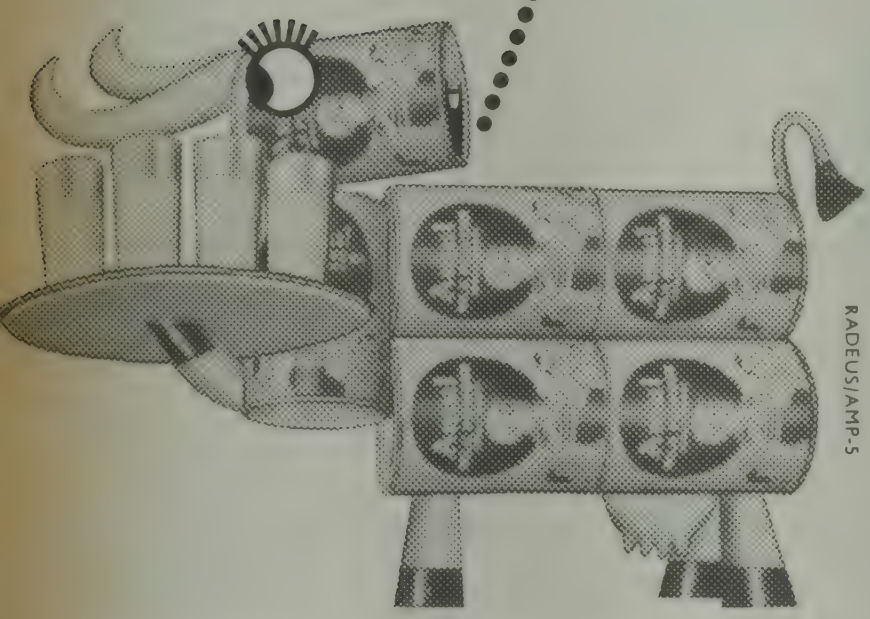

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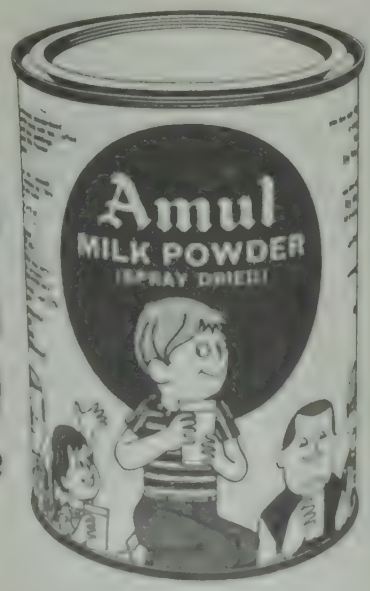

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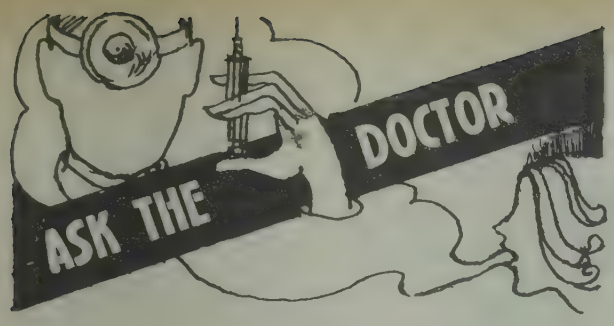

By Dr. Kanchan Nadkarni

FOOD POISONING

Q My husband and I had a celebration chicken dinner the other day, and remember thinking at the time that the food tasted a little funny. In the early hours of the morning, both of us came down with severe food poisoning — nausea, loose motions, vomiting and griping pain in the stomach. Fortunately, the doctor got to us within minutes. I shudder to think what could have happened to us if a good doctor were not available. Is there any home remedy?

— R. N. (New Delhi)

A Food poisoning can be caused by a variety of factors, among which the most common are chemical (e.g. storing of food in vessels made of copper or some heavy metal), toxic (e.g. stale or spoiled food) and contamination (if prepared by dirty hands in unhygienic conditions). The symptoms are as you have graphically described — nausea, vomiting, severe abdominal pain, a sore or foul tasting mouth, diarrhoea. A terrible feeling of weakness and lassitude may follow.

The ideal thing in such a situation is of course to call a doctor immediately, especially if vomiting and diarrhoea persist. However, if a doctor is not immediately available, the best drug to take is a combination of chloromycetin and streptomycin. Sulphaguanidine is another effective drug. The patient should eat nothing for a few hours, but drink small quantities of water frequently. If he can retain it, coconut water ir the ideal replacement for fluid loss. But any aerated drink or 'nimbu pani' with plenty of sugar and salt would do just as well. Milk is to be strictly avoided.

PERSISTENT HEADACHE

Q For several weeks now, I have been sorely troubled by a persistent headache, which refuses to leave me. I get bouts of severe nausea, and sometimes bring up. There is a constant throbbing in the temples. I have had my eyes tested, but they were found to be fine. What could be the problem?

— M. N. A. (Chandigarh)

A You have done the right thing in getting your eyes tested. Recurrent headaches, especially while reading, almost always signal eye trouble, which can be quickly corrected by a visit to the ophthalmologist. However, your problem sounds more like a case of migraine. This may be precipitated by emotional stress. Check if your headaches worsen when you are upset. The ideal thing to do is to relax. Also get your blood pressure checked, for high blood pressure symptoms are similar in many respects to migraine. Migraine normally responds to painkillers and tranquillisers. If the headaches persist despite these drugs, it would be advisable to have a thorough check-up.

FACIAL PART-PARALYSIS

Q A very close friend of mine woke up one morning to find the left side of his face totally paralysed. He could not control any muscle on the affected side, and his eye remained open. Ten days have passed, without a change in his condition.

— M. M. (Kolhapur)

A Your friend is undoubtedly suffering from 'Bell's palsy', a condition caused by inflammation of a nerve in the "facial canal". There is no cure for the condition except cosmetic surgery. The surgeon will graft a nerve so that the patient can regain as much control of the affected area as possible. Most important is the ability to open and close the eyelid, for without this power to blink, the eye can get irritated and inflamed. The patient will be taught how to control the affected muscles, like doing some sort of exercise. However, since the right side of the face will continue to be normal, the patient's face may present a certain lop-sided appearance. He will have to live with it, I'm afraid.

Dr. Kanchan Nadkarni, who has completed her post-graduation from the renowned All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi, currently works as a consultant in the Chemotherapy department of the Tata Memorial (Cancer) Hospital, Bombay. Dr. Nandkarni will answer your queries on medical issues in this column every fortnight. Your questions should be addressed to: Ask The Doctor, c/o Eve's Weekly, and MUST BE accompanied by this coupon, which will appear every fortnight.

GUJJUBEHNS (AND BHAIS!) OF THE FILM INDUSTRY —

the silent era! Maybe this was one of the most important factors that contributed to my being such a success in 'Koshish' in which I play a deaf-mute," he quipped and continued, "but once I achieved a reasonable hold over the intonation and enunciation I relaxed. It's a field in which dialogue delivery dominates."

Nirupa Roy, one of the Gujaratis who has been here for as long as or, in fact, much longer than a Raj Kapoor, Dilip Kumar, or Nargis says, "I came into this film industry by accident. It was my husband who wanted to be an actor and, instead, I was offered a role in a Gujarati film. My first film was a Gujarati one, I later came into the Hindi film industry with a mythological film 'Har Har Mahadev'. I started working in films in 1946 and when I came into the industry it was dominated by Gujaratis, hence I was quite comfortable. I had to learn the Hindi language from scratch because I barely had any education. Not just Hindi, I had to be educated about films, too, because I'd never seen a film until I was 14 years old. Slowly I've overcome all the hurdles and I don't feel an alien in this industry which is now dominated by Punjabis."

We have come a long way from the silent movies and the once Gujju-dominated industry. For some time the Muslims dominated the field and now it's the moneybags, the Jats. Says Nirupa Roy, "Sometimes you do tend to feel annoyed when they begin discussing certain changes in the film in Punjabi, but when we Gujaratis get together we also tend to break into our mother tongue regardless of whether there is a Punjabi or a Madrasi amidst us. There is a joy in conversing in one's language, regardless of good manners." Sanjeev shrugs off the Punjabis and their grouping together. "It's of peripheral importance if you are talented. Then when you perform with brilliance you normally leave them dumb-struck. It's the histrionic department that is of major importance. You act well and nobody grudges you your success. Tina magnanimously says, "It's only due to the support extended to us from everyone in the industry that we turn into successes. We, as a community, if segregated from the industry as a whole are a drop in the ocean. You can count us on your fingertips. I won't say we have brought any great change into the industry. The industry is changing due to all sorts of influences. Previously, when it was dominated just by Muslims you used to have this typically Muslim period or social film with all those 'shairies'. If you know what I mean. Then the Punjabis came in with their 'bhangras' and then the Bengalis with their highbrow stuff. Now I feel we've struck the right balance because people are no longer community conscious, and that has given added dimension to the industry."

Bindu, our screen siren who toppled Helen and still reigns supreme, refuses to be over-modest. "What we have done is no mean achievement and I'm sure we've all worked very hard to earn praise. It's a tough battle not just for Gujaratis but for members of any community to gain a foothold into this industry dominated by the North Indians. They don't face any language barriers like we do

Continued on page 51

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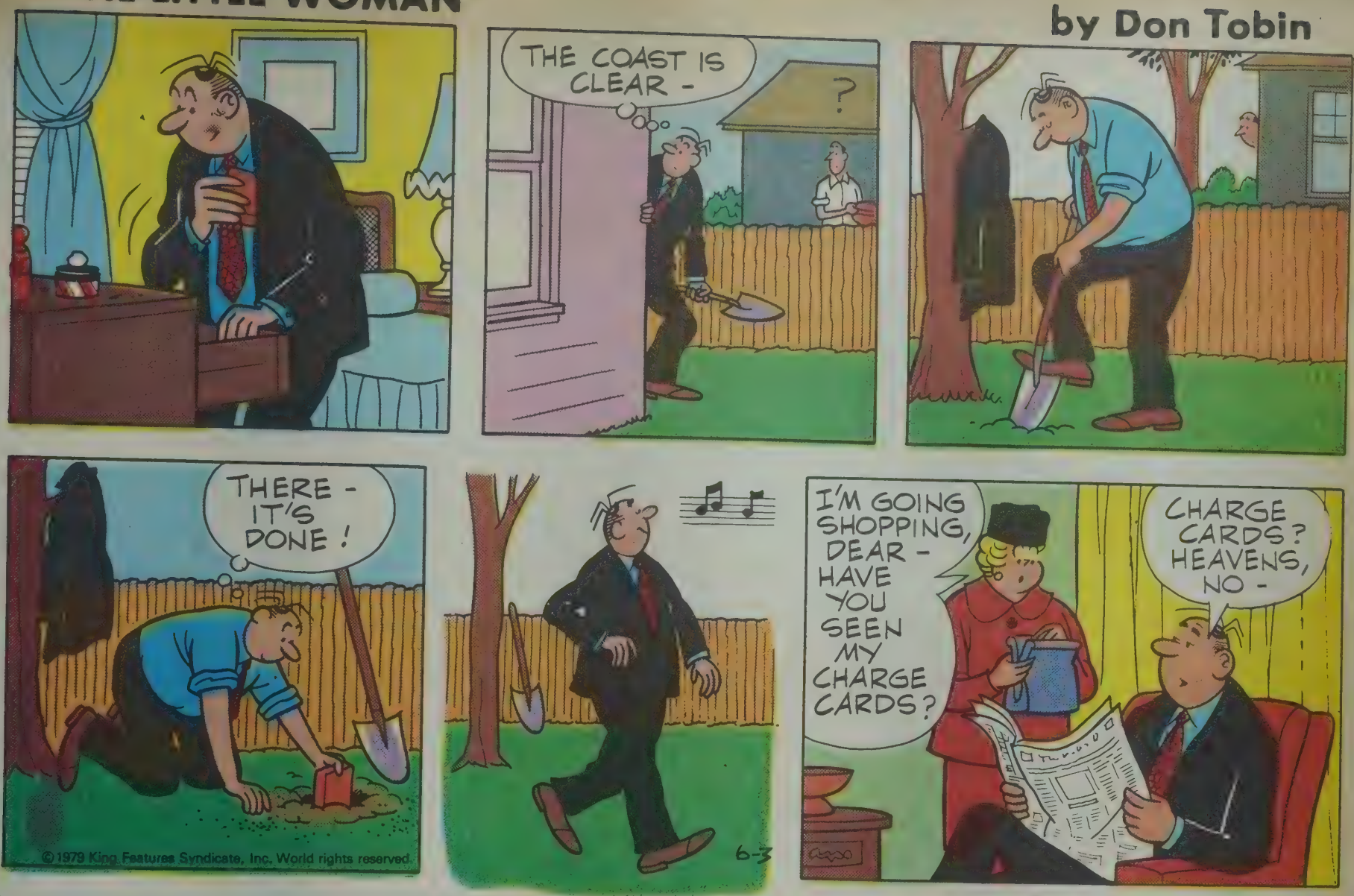
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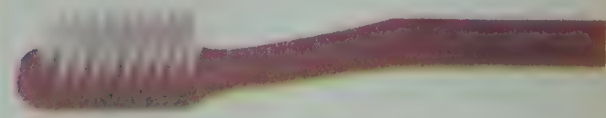

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CONTEMPORARY GUJARATI

Jyotsna Sheth

It was only around 1873 that women began appearing on the Guarati stage and among the first to enter, if I am not mistaken, were Muslim girls from Hyderabad in the role of fairies. In 1881, further history was created when Mary Fanton, a British girl joined a Gujarati theatre group. The female roles, however, for a long period continued to be played by men, with artistes like Jayshankar Sundari and Mohan Marwari almost symbolising feminine charm. The plays too were largely dominated by male characters with women confined to subsidiary roles. And it was mainly the singing girls who joined the stage. But things gradually began to change and sometime in 1924, with men like Chandravadan Mehta giving the lead, a new phase began, attracting literary women like Sarla Bannerjee and Vinodini Nilkanth to the theatre.

There are a number of plays, both from **Jooni Rangbhoomi** (traditional, conventional theatre) and **Navi Rangbhoomi,** the modern, contemporary stage that are memorable for the powerful performances by women. Munnibai, Rani Premlata, Shalini, Motibai, Piloo Wadia, Moti Antia, Dina, Tarla, Padmarani, Sarita Vanlata, Niharika, Chandrika Shah, Minal Patel and scores of others and from Ahmedabad, Damini, Gopi Desai to name but two are among these who have made the Gujarati stage, infinitely richer by their contribution. The five women artistes, interviewed below span a period of the Gujarati stage which had its share of stagnant and creative moments

DINA PATHAK

Dina Pathak, the veteran actress began with street plays, maturing later as one of the serious, rebellious artistes. Her performance in plays like "Mena Gurjari", "Doll's House" was a dramatic tour de force. Commenting on the Gujarati stage and women's participation in it she says:

"Women under the influence of social and religious dogma were prohibited from the stage. But breaking ground, I started participating in "bhavai" (folk-theatre) as "rangli", the counterpart of "ranglo", the traditional commentator. In the beginning, my theatre activity was mainly centred around street plays, inspired by the political, agitational climate around. One had felt a compulsion for the stage.

"The Gujarati theatre, developed best during its period of renaissance, the plays drawing inspiration from literature, from cultural roots. They demanded great acting ability and the artistes rose to the challenge. After a while, unfortunately, this enthusiasm waned, but fresh vitality once again came to be injected with the emergence of stalwarts like Chandravadan Mehta and theatre loving members of his 'Bhel-mandal'. My first part was in his play, 'Aaggadi' and even though the role was small, I enjoyed it immensely. At that time, I was in a rebellious mood, against everything that was conventional and joining the stage was one such act of defiance.

"Today, to be on the stage is no longer a stigma. But I hope it does not get treated merely as an occupation, for it is a serious profession, demanding dedication, study and research. Women should not allow themselves to be pushed into side-positions, as mere decorative pieces, important only for their pretty looks. As for myself, I have enjoyed roles which gave an insight into the mind and heart of a woman. Such parts help me to express something deep in me."

RUBY PATEL

Ruby Patel is basically a character actress. She started her career with Adi Marzban and generally prefers serious roles in a persistent attempt to break the myth that the Parsis can only handle farcical parts. She feels that the difference in the Parsi and Gujarati language is basically the accent and this should be no bar to expression of serious thought. Discussing the theatre Ruby says:

"I have always thought myself as belonging to the Gujarati stage. Some of my best plays have been with Pravin Joshi. I have enjoyed playing challenging roles and have generally received heartwarming response from Gujarati audiences.

"Theatre activity has grown, but one is not so sure about the quality. The plays that succeed at the box-office are often poor in taste. Those who have come to control the stage are mainly commercial people with little love or appreciation of theatre as an art. What is currently selling at the box-office is sex and violence. The woman is being exploited as a sex object.

"The dedication for theatre is lacking. The main concern of the youngsters appears to be the packet at the end of the show rather than serious theatre. A more devoted approach is needed if the Gujarati stage is to develop a significant tradition, and this means training in all the different aspects of drama"

Photo : Chirla Karimi

CHITRA VYAS

Chitra Vyas's two current plays, "Mrigjal sinchine me uchori vel" and "Aaje dhandho bandh che" have proved box-office hits. In both, she acts the role of a demi-monde. Sex and violence, according to her, are the dominant attractions today. Commenting on her career and the theatre, Chitra says :

"I never planned to be a stage artiste.. I have studied Kathak and my ambition was to be a dancer. But then, theatre has been in the family. My mother Pushpa Shah, and my sister Ragini, are both actresses and it was perhaps inevitable that I join

THEATRE: the women march ahead

the stage. I took it up seriously after graduation.

"I personally prefer serious dramatic roles. I liked my part in Lalu Shah's 'Abhimaan' and I do not mind playing such roles free. Incidentally, I met my husband Sharad and my father-in-law Vishnukumar Vyas during this play in which they also acted.

"Sex and violence are today inordinately popular. The social, family dramas with their accent on crying, sacrifice and sermons are losing patronage. But the audience is also to be blamed for this trend. Take for instance, my play 'Satyano chahero' — it attempted to deal seriously with the rape issue but once the provocative scene was over, I could almost feel the audience's interest slacken. And not only the men, but the women too are seen to enjoy such scenes.

"I frequently play a prostitute on stage and I am afraid the prejudice still exists about women who act such roles — to such an extent that when my marriage was being discussed by the family, the suitors would show interest but once they learnt I was acting in 'Jungli Kabutar', they ran away fast. It is easier for us to mix among our own theatre people.

"The Gujaratis, by and large, continue to regard theatre as just another form of entertainment. The Maharashtrians that way, have much better theatre sense and courtesy. They can be expected to patiently sit through lengthy dialogues while the Gujarati audience is likely to start shouting, stamping. It has further this irritating habit of crunching wafers during middle of a scene.

"In time, let us hope things will change. People one day are bound to get bored with sex and violence which can be monotonous. And then perhaps, we will have the kind of plays which can truly be called drama."

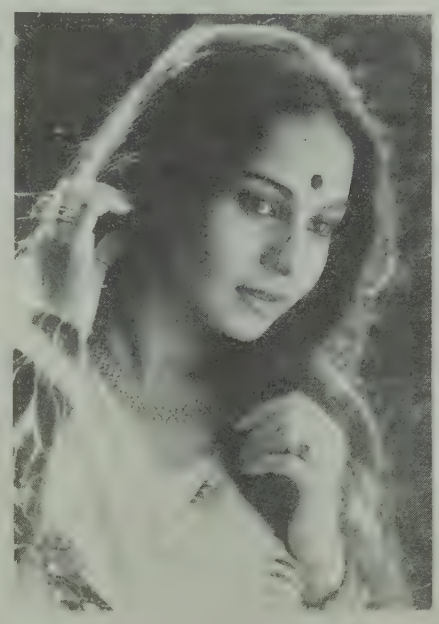
SUJATA MEHTA

Sujata Mehta has a mobile, sensitive face and her plays have generally been off-beat. like "Rafda", "Thank you, Mr. Glaad", "Jujve roop anant bhase", "Salge lilluda vansva", etc. Discussing the theatre, she says :

"I love the stage and for the past three years have been lucky to get some really good roles, in which one can prove one's mettle. I like to play different characters and not get typecast though to get good plays is not that easy. And added to this is the problem of getting halls... the Gujarati audience does not want to see plays during weekdays and the halls are always booked during week-ends. And this can be quite frustrating for an artiste.

"I am not married, but when I do and if I ever have children and they are interested in the stage, I will tell them to join Marathi theatre. It offers more of a challenge and the actors enjoy some social status. The Marathi community is proud of its stage artistes

"How the Gujarati stage develops depends both on the public and on theatre people. If we trv good, serious plays, we do need an audience to appreciate them. 'Tokhar' for example, was great theatre, and luckily it received encouraging response. But generally, the Gujarati audience believes in its right to be entertained for the money spent. Theatre has still to become a deep, personal experience.



And look at our producers. Who is seriously interested in the theatre? Their sole consideration is money — and such plays do not do anything for the artistes."

SARITA JOSHI

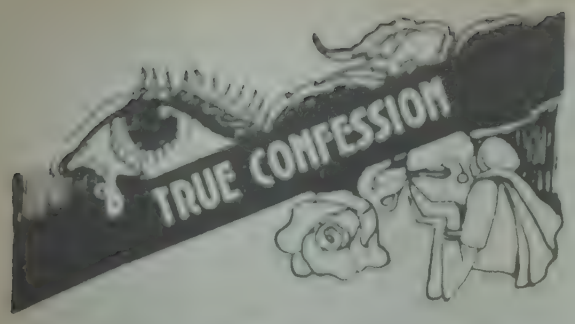
Sarita Joshi is an overwhelming theatre personality, whose plays are always an event to look forward to. Few of her admirers. however, must be aware that she is a Maharashtrian by birth. so thoroughly has she established herself on the Gujarati stage. Commenting on the theatre, she observes :

"I entered the stage casually, the family was in straitened circumstances and I needed some work... but now theatre is my whole life. It has given me strength, supported me in my crisis and enabled me to express my innermost, deepest self. And theatre has given me some of my most cherished moments. For example, after a performance in Rajkot, an old woman came to me and hugging me warmly, called me her most precious daughter. I will not exchange the pleasure of such moments for anything in the world. Sometimes, suddenly on the stage, I have felt this ecstasy, giving me a kind of glimpse of what it must mean to be in paradise.

"I have been lucky to get really good roles. The part of Santu in "Santu Rangili" takes me on wings and I feel that as long as I continue to play Santu, I shall always remain eternally youthful. Equally, though in another way, I have enjoyed acting in plays like 'Moti verana chokma', 'Saptapadi', 'Kumarni agashi' and now 'Srilekha' — my latest play about an extraordinary beautiful woman who dreamed about power and ambition but was unable to either be happy or make anyone else happy.

"Acting is not easy, it requires total involvement, a capacity to submerge oneself in the role. The younger artistes need to appreciate this. Professional competence alone is not enough for a great performance.

"I have again been lucky to have acted under most of our major directors. The relationship between an artiste and the director must be both mental and emotional and based on mutual respect. And there must be free, frank exchange of thoughts. He is a true director who can breathe life into a role, who can inspire the artiste to give off his best. But how many of today's directors feel this way? And how many of the artistes truly respect them?"



The army hospital was quiet that evening. Trees whispered as I passed. A couple of people looked askance at me as I strolled towards the psychiatric ward. There is still a stigma attached to disorders of the mind.

The doctor looked up from a sheaf of papers that he had been examining. It was my wife's case sheet. He saw a shadow cross my face and put out a hand in sympathy. "Have courage Captain Sunder," he said. "She might come round still."

"What does she need to be given? Tell me. I am prepared to spend anything to see her well again. If you need drugs from abroad, I have people who . . . but don't discharge her like this . . ." "No," he said. "what she needs right now has not been manufactured by the pharmaceutical industry. You can't get it anywhere in the world for money." He saw the fear on my face and soothed me.

"All she needs is patience, understanding and love. You can take her home. The hospital is such an impersonal place."

I did not recognise Vidya as the woman I had brought home as my wife, not so very many years ago. Her face was pale and lifeless, her hair streaked with grey, her eyes expressionless. She seemed to have no further desire to live.

She got into the car automatically when I opened the door for her. I put her bag in the dicky and got into the driving seat.

As the car moved forward, she said suddenly, "They killed my son!" Then when I ignored the outburst. "They killed my son and you did nothing about it."

"No Vidya," I explained patiently. "It was an accident. The child toddled to the edge of the garden tank, fell in and was drowned."

"Lies, all lies," she cried. "Nimu threw the child in. She was jealous of me because I had a son and she had four daughters." Nimu was my elder brother Subha's wife. We had lived in a joint family for as long as I could remember. In the beginning there was the ancestral house. But when father died, we moved away. I joined the army, Subha was married and my two younger sisters and one younger brother struggled through school on the depleted finances.

I married too, a shy, homely girl called Mira. But she lived only long enough to bear me a son, Rajan. When the boy was three years old, an offer of marriage came for me, from Vidya's parents. My mother Paru told me about it. She had come to hold the fort in the wake of my wife's death and look after the small boy.

"Do they know I am a widower?" I asked.

"Of course," she said. "They are prepared to give a good dowry too."

"I am not interested in dowry," I replied. "All I want is a kind and affectionate wife who will treat Rajan as if he were her own child."

"No dowry, did you say? What do you think we are running, a charitable institution? We will take what they give. After all I have my commitments and responsibilities too. Daughters to marry, a son to educate."

Negotiations for the marriage progressed. Vidya was an educated and accomplished girl. She was beautiful too, so I was surprised when mother told me, they were prepared to give her in marriage to a widower. "In fact," she said, "they want only a widower."

"The girl's horoscope says she will be happy only if she is given in marriage as second wife."

"Why a widower then?" I asked. "Why not a divorcee?" But she was staid and conservative and did not appreciate the humour.

The marriage was solemnised with great pomp and show and Vidya came to live in our household. Subha was having some problems with his job and couldn't stick to any one profession or maybe the burden of educating and feeding our two sisters and brother proved too much for him. All I knew is that one fine day, he and his wife Nimu descended on us complete with retinue. I had thought that my mother would move out when I got married to Vidya and leave us newlyweds alone, but it was not to be.

"I got your letter," said Subha to mother, "and came at once." I looked at her for clarification but none was forthcoming. "This is a nice big house," said Nimu, looking around. "Our house in Madras is small in comparison." It was not, but this was hardly the time to point it out. Vidya went into the kitchen to make the guests their tiffin. She was so calm and cool about it in spite of my irritation that she went several notches up in my esteem.

Over dinner Subha told me everything. He had been given a termination notice by his employers because they suspected him of embezzlement.

"They can't prove anything, though," he said. "I am innocent." I could not completely believe the statement because he had had trouble with his jobs before. He gambled and drank and was a wastrel of the worst sort. Soon after his marriage the only productive thing he had done was to sire four daughters in quick succession. The howling infants of all sizes were betwixt us now, yelling for milk. There was none. Subha asked Vidya to make some wheat gruel and while Nimu fed the brats, my brother gave me further news. "I've sold the ancestral house," he said. "I need the money for business."

"But how could you sell it? It was in father's name." He looked at mother and I understood, from the look that passed between them that she had engineered the transaction. He had evidently helped him self to all the money too, because there was no talk of giving any of the others their share.

"Where do you intend to set up business? And what kind?" I asked. He gave me a nasty look. "I haven't decided what field to enter," he said, "but believe me it will be profitable." Mother came to his rescue.

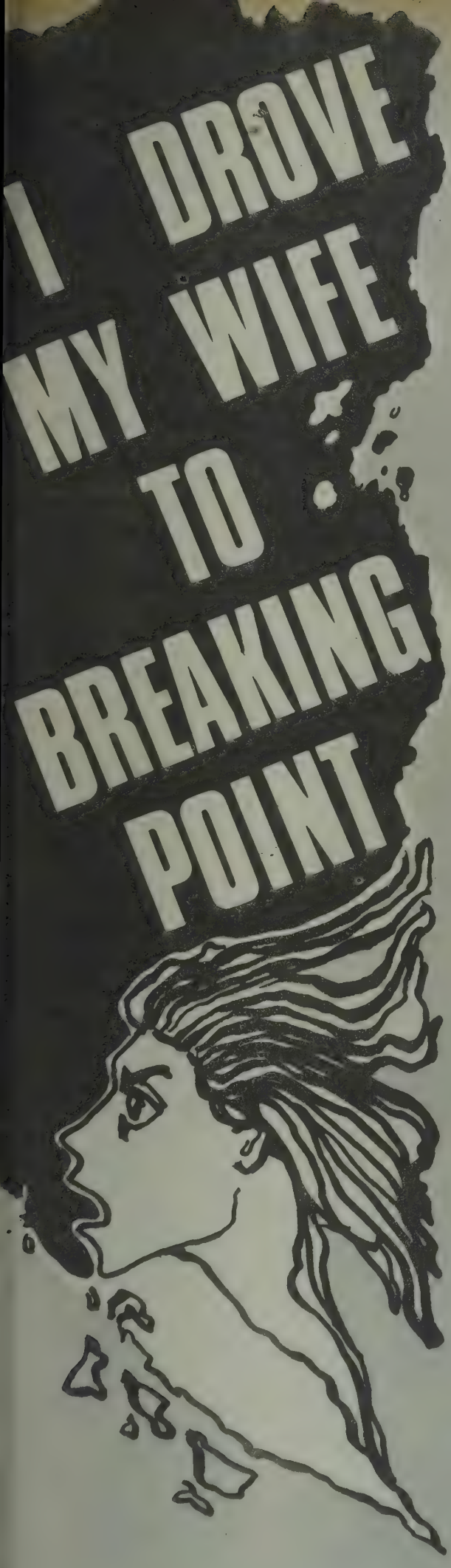
"He will stay here with his family," she said. "It is economical. Why set up another establishment when there is such a big house here, when you're such a big officer in the army." "I am not a big officer," I snapped. But they were not listening to me. They were avidly making plans to put my younger brother in a local school and the two sisters in their respective colleges.

I wanted to have a private moment with Vidya and discuss the pros and cons of this proposal, but Nimu stalled it. She had already made all the sleeping arrangements for the entire retinue. In fact many of them were fast asleep already. Subha, mother, Vidya and I were the only ones awake. We settled ourselves for the night as best we could, with Vidya in the kids' room and me next to mother in the hall. I lay back spent. Time enough to resolve issues in the morning I thought. But it was not to be. In fact for days, things continued in the same haphazard state, with Nimu assuming charge as the eldest daughter-in-law. It was beginning to look as if it was their money that ran the roost.

I have a feeling that the middle child is the most oppressed. He is unable to assert himself. He has neither the domination of the eldest in his blood, nor the indulgence-craving qualities of the youngest. Subha now held the household in thrall. Nimu and my mother took over charge of the kitchen. Vidya became a visitor in her own house. Sometimes I forgot this was her first experience of marriage, unlike me, who had gone through the trauma of both happiness and tragedy. Maybe I didn't give her enough attention.

Vidya was a wonderful wife, a dutiful daughter-in-law. One never heard her voice in the kitchen, though Nimu and mother often raised theirs so high that people passing on the street turned to look into our house curiously. Vidya was so soft-spoken and self-effacing that milk vendors and those who delivered groceries to our house often mistook Nimu for the mistress of the house and took orders directly from her. I was too

I DROVE MY WIFE TO BREAKING POINT



blind in those days to see the havoc all this was playing with Vidya's impressionable mind. She was only eighteen when she married me and at that age girls are dewy-eyed and optimistic with rosy dreams of romance. In her introverted way she tried sometimes to reach out to me. She left the newspaper open at a particular page in the cinema section for me to notice which picture was running. Perhaps she longed for an outing and I was unable to read her mind.

Suddenly Vidya began to bloom with a new radiance. I had encountered it before in my first wife Mira, so I knew what it was. Vidya was pregnant. It was an occasion to rejoice. I hoped the birth of a baby would make her more communicative, open up a door to me that she had closed with her taciturn silences. The only time I had seen her smile was when my son Rajan planted a kiss on her cheek with a child's spontaneous expression.

Often, in the day to day grind of our crowded household, I longed for a few moments of privacy with Vidya, so we could get closer emotionally. But there were so many interruptions that many times, I could sense Vidya go into a shell again, just when I had been sure she was going to uncoil. I wanted her to come with me to mess parties, where maybe she could enjoy a few hours in abandon without the curbs imposed on her by her in-laws. But the only time I took her, mother made such a toodoo about it, by making her have a bath at that unearthly hour of midnight when we returned, that Vidya absolutely refused to go again, in spite of my repeated pleas. In the end, I think it was mother's fierce orthodoxy which got her as much as my inability to reach out to her.

Then there was the incident of which she never told me. I only learnt of it by accident. When she went home to have her first child, as was our custom, mother and Nimu broke open her trunk and disposed of her jewellery. Apparently Subha with his libertine ways had run into collossal debts which had to be paid off. This was the only way in which they could do it.

When she returned home to me with her new born son Partha she realised the jewellery was missing. She did not say a word to me about the loss. Or maybe she thought I had taken it myself. I saw her now and then, sitting in stony silence and tried to make out what was wrong. Then suddenly I saw a necklace of a different pattern on her. I asked her about it. It was only then that she told me, her mother had sent it to her on the occasion of Partha's christening.

"Where is your other jewellery?" I asked. "I have never seen you wear it." She burst into tears. I was alarmed then and needled her, till she had told me everything. Even then I thought it was the servant who had broken the lock of her trunk and I called him and even browbeat him to make him confess it. It was from his lips that I learnt the truth. It makes me ashamed to think of it even now. He pointed out to my own mother and sister-in-law and I was so embarassed that I needed all my self-con trol to keep from throwing them all out. Maybe I should have. That would have been for the best. But it is said we suffer what we are destined for. Worse was to follow.

One day, I came home to find the house a flurry of activity. An ambulance was standing outside. Somebody was sick. I rushed inside. In the bedroom, the medical officer who was in charge of the Unit M.I. Room was desperately trying to revive a listless child. It was my son Partha.

"What happened?" I cried. Mother told me. The child had apparently crawled out and gone to the edge of the tank in the garden. Before anybody knew he had toppled in. It was some time before they realised he was missing. By then it was too late. The doctor straightened up and touched me apologetically on the shoulder. "Sorry Sunder," he said. "I can't do a thing. The child is dead."

Afterwards I raved at them for their carelessness. "So many people in the house!" I cried. "And not one could look after Partha!"

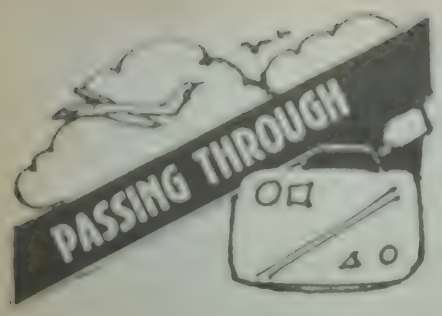
Nimu, in whose care the child had been left when Vidya went for a bath, made a hundred excuses. Mother had been in the kitchen. Subha said I had no business to take his wife to task, for a job that was not hers. If I cared so much for my son's welfare, I should have employed a servant. It was at that moment that my patience broke. I took my brother's belongings and threw them out of the house. I became like a madman. They would not go. They had congealed into permanence. I had no alternative but to surrender the house to MES and take my wife home to her mother. Rajan went into boarding school.

I moved into the army mess till this thing blew over. Then maybe I could make a home with Vidya, free from the machinations of my flesh and blood relatives who had become a scourge to me. One part of my strategy worked but not the other. My brothers and sisters dispersed all right, before the army authorities could throw them out. But my plans to make a life with Vidya came to naught. I was posted to a field area.

When I went to fetch her after acquiring quarters in my new peace station after a two year gap, she was not the same. There was something peculiar about her eyes. I asked her parents what was wrong. Her mother burst into tears and told me. The death of her son had done this to her.

It was not only the death of her son. It was the effect of many things. But I did not disclose it to my in-laws. My weakness and vascillation had brought her to this state. Had I been firm in the very beginning, my brother Subha would probably not have descended on me with his retinue and made himself at home. So many ifs.....

I slowly drove Vidya home from the psychiatric wing of the hospital where she had been undergoing treatment for many months. They seemed like years. So much had happened in the intervening period. Mother had died of a paralytic stroke and on her death-bed, asked Vidya's forgiveness. But Vidya had been too ill at that time to hear it. I told her about it now, hoping it would help assuage some of the hurt and pain. Her eyes filled with tears. Then I knew that at last I had reached to her very core. Maybe even now, I could make a rapport with her, lead us both on to conjugal happiness.



KATHY LANGHAMMER

AN ART LOVER REMEMBERS

Having just gone on a more-the-merrier-go-round of the Bombay art circuit, I had been told of the early thrust given to the contemporary art scene and the moving, dynamic spirit behind it — Walter Langhammer, an artist and art teacher in pre-Hitler Europe who came out to become an outstanding Art Director in "The Times of India," Bombay. So when his wife, Kathy Langhammer arrived in the city, our meeting was inevitable.

I gently propelled her into reminiscing about their highly fruitful, productive years in Bombay. "You know how we landed here. Siloo, a student of my husband in Vienna, had been urging him to come to India. So in 1938, when Hitler happened — I am Jewish — my husband decided to take Siloo's suggestion. So here we were — and here we stayed — till 1957. And we would never have left if it wasn't for my husband's chronic amoebic condition which had reached a near-fatal state."

She talked easily of the early days. "You must understand the art scene of those days. There was the J.J. School of Art. Then there was this group that gathered round my husband — highly gifted, but not really cut out, most of them, for the formal art schools."

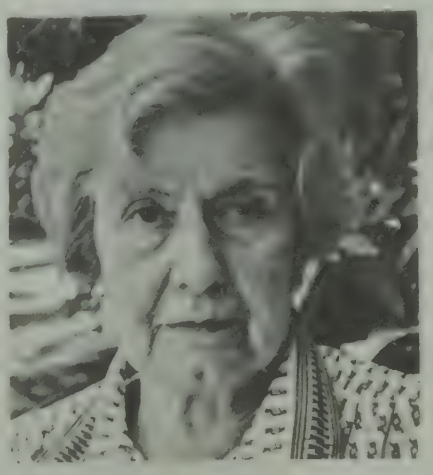
I waited expectantly as she continued in her fluent English, softened with her husky, Austrian burr.

"They were hungry to see the work of artists in Europe. I remember the first exhibiton I got together of prints from museums and art galleries abroad, along with rare art books, in 1947."

She spoke fondly of the "salon" in Rampart Row — now, the Artists' Centre, run by Ara; of their one-man exhibitions; of Schlesinger whose ability to sell kept the group going. "Without his salesmanship our ideas would have been still-born."

And of course, she spoke of Rudi Von Leyden who is now in Vienna working on a book, almost complete, on his lifetime passion — Indian playing cards. "He has sold his collection to a museum recently."

I steered the conversation



back to the group — Ara, Souza, Newton, Samant, Husain, Padamsee, Gaitonde, Raval, Raiba. I thought of these people some of them blazoned on the city art horizon like reigning neon signs, their reputations established, their careers made, their eccentricities dwelt on admiringly by fans, their styles examined and watched.

"It was quite a group — they met every Sunday in my husband's studio at 20, Nepean Sea Road." The place, as it is now, flashed briefly across my consciousness. A gash of a gateway leading into a blind alley of untidy blocks with all the mess of hurriedly assembled concrete.

She let drop some shrewd observations when I asked if she'd seen the spate of retrospectives the city had been recently treated to.

"Yes, what a draughtsman Chavda is. When the great Polish artist Felix Topolski, was in Bombay he remarked — 'I cannot do what he does.' This about Chavda's dancing lines."

And Husain?

"You must remember I am an old woman and perhaps behind the times. He had a truly Indian quality. But now, he, like most others could belong to any place."

"This has to do with the wearing off of the Indianness of Indian art — the narcissistic early phase when to be Indian came first, to be artist, second," I said in defence.

"Perhaps," she allowed, not wholly convinced. I found myself re-examining the whole subject and wondered if I was undervaluing the indigenous element in our artistic output.

"What about your husband's work — where is most of it?"

"It is everywhere in Bombay. I have only two with me — one is a painting of Bori Bunder. I would like it to remain with me till I die; and then it will go to Siloo, with the condition that she will leave it, after her time, to the city."

I finally touched on the real purpose of her visit. "I have a portfolio of the early works of our Bombay group — a farewell present to us from them. I'd like it to be in Bombay, in a city which would cherish the work and memory of my late husband. Our best times belong here, in this city. And it is my gift of gratitude for our happiness."

What did she feel about Bombay, skyrising almost beyond control.

"When I first came here, it seemed like Naples to me. It has grown, yes, and these two hills are finished. But it is no worse than Naples is now. And the night-view of the glowing Queen's Necklace is still one of the most breathtaking sights in the world."

It was one of my pleasantest interviews, this meeting with a gentle, gracious art-hostess of the '40's and the '50's, a friend and lover of India and things Indian.

Lakshmi Lal

PAPER PATTERN–I

Sheroo Cooper

COOPER'S
TAILORING AND CUTTING ACADEMY

IT'S A DRESS . . . . .
IT'S A TOP!
Two-way Tailoring

A dress or a top — cut in one width-wide elbow length sleeves — tucks, round collar — front slit opening with self fabric ties — elasticized round the waist.

See the pull-out in this issue for the actual size paper pattern and instructions.

TODAY'S WOMAN

If your husband goes out in the sun wearing a scarf, he needs more loving. If you bundle up in warm clothes, you're silently crying out for kisses and cuddles!

These and other tell-tale signs of eccentricities in dress are revealed in the magazine, Housecraft. An investigation into the possible link between personalities and fashion shows that people tend to wrap up warmly as compensation for lack of love.

But what about the man who sports half-mast trousers? He's obsessed with his job or hobby, and the ageing who dress mod are simply trying to show they're still youthful and rebellious. And the magazine goes on to tell us what we've already suspected: that attractively-dressed women are usually brighter and better at their jobs than dowdy dressers.

'Today's Woman — How The Public Sees Her', was the subject of a survey conducted by pollsters in America and published by the U.S. President's advisory committee for women. It traces changes in public attitudes towards women and comes up with some interesting revelations.

Most of the Americans interviewed said that they did not mind if their boss is a woman, but that they would prefer men to be police, doctors, lawyers, dentists and bankers and women to fill the roles of teachers, sales people, hairdressers and nurses.

Practically all Americans now think it takes as much intelligence and drive to bring up children and run a home as it does to run a corporation, but only half the number interviewed said that a working woman should not have to bear the full responsibility for running the house, too.

A third of the women surveyed felt they would have gone further in life if they'd been born men; one in four said being a woman had prevented her from accomplishing all she'd wanted to do in life.

An interesting feature that emerged was that only one-third of the general public felt that women should run the home and let men run the country — a dramatic change from 1974 when the majority stated that a woman's place was in the home. However, two-thirds disapproved of families in which the wife is the breadwinner while the husband stayed home with the kids.

Bernie Tellis

Devi

"DESH KI MITTI", AGAIN!

Dilip Kumar is a Durga devotee, has a wife Nirupa Roy, a son, Bharat, she is expecting her second baby. Pradeep Kumar is the brother of the Maharaja of the state, Shashikala is his sister. Prem Chopra with the help of a Britisher (Tom Alter) gets the Maharaja murdered, Pradeep Kumar gets the throne, the blame is put on Dilip, who absconds into the jungles. Prem Chopra rips open the village for Dilip and his heir. Nirupa Roy delivers a son, puts him in a basket and pushes the basket in the river. Sulochana (the maid) discovers the child, and places it in the place of the stillborn child of Shashikala. The child grows up to be Shashi Kapoor, his immediate rival is Dheeraj Kumar (son of Pradeep Kumar).

Meanwhile, Manoj Kumar is the son Bharat who grows up with Shashi, Dilip Kumar is a sort of sardar, Manoj is his carbon copy. He too becomes a sardar and the two are not aware of the relationship. Shatrughan Sinha comes as Karim Khan, says Allah Allah (tax free prospect), Parveen Babi and Sarika are the village belles, Babi goes in disguise as the Princess, Hema Malini, who is engaged to Dheeraj. Hema puts a blood kumkum as her suhag on her forehead and informs Manoj that she is married to him. Shocked, he all the same likes the idea and they go to bed in a temple with Khajuraho sculptures on the wall. Next morning she is pregnant. By the time the film ends, they all meet, again die, the only survivors are Dilip, his bahu Hema and her son (Manoj's son Kunal). The two take him to Prem Chopra's home and Kunal kills Prem, whilst Prem is celebrating a solo janamdin. Kunal with an arrow hoists the Kranti flag and pulls the British flag down.

Somewhere Manoj remembers the film is about revolutionaries, freedom etc. so two Britishers are placed here and there, and all our Johnnies roll in desh ki mitti and spit on the goras and talk of Bharat. Dilip Kumar looks like Khushwant Singh, Shashi Kapoor is the only relief. The rest have taken the faltu exploitation of patriotism too seriously. Manoj so far has exploited Patriotism, and minted money on Jai Bharat Love India and hate the West. . . with this film flopping (hope it does) he will realise patriotism after all is a costly affair. And for once he will get rid of the Bharat ka bhooth like Raj Kapoor was stuck with Joker Chaplin Ka Bhooth and I suppose turn into a normal man, making normal commercial movies. Hema Malini, described as Dakke ki Mulmul looks a sack rag. Parveen Babi's good figure could not be exploited since she had the nervous breakdown and date problem, so they have killed her after a few reels.

Nirupa Roy is the only star who has given maximum dates. So we see Nirupa from all angles, even her bare back with whip marks on it. And Manoj looks so swollen and fat that he has wisely wrapped his cheeks, chin and all in a shawl. As for son Kunal's entry, I think the first son of a big gun to make it will be Kumar Gaurav. Said my niece "all my class-mates and I have seen "Love Story". I say, Devi, how about an intro to Kumar Gaurav? I will give you two cakes of Camay soap." So bribery begins at home.

THE COURAGE TO OVERCOME

A girl born to overwhelming silence but not to defeat, Aban Unwalla has never heard her own name being called. But she heard an inner urge. To reach out beyond the silence to the world outside and make her own place under the s

Not content with working as a punch operator in **Canara Bank** head office, Aban requested a transfer to a more challenging position. One that brought her in constant touch with customers and required her to uphold the strict standards of service and efficiency that **Canara Bank** expects from all its employees.

Prompted partly by Aban's confidence and partly by its own commitment to the concept of individual welfare, **Canara Bank** gave Aban the opportunity to prove herself at the counter of the Benson Town branch in Bangalore.

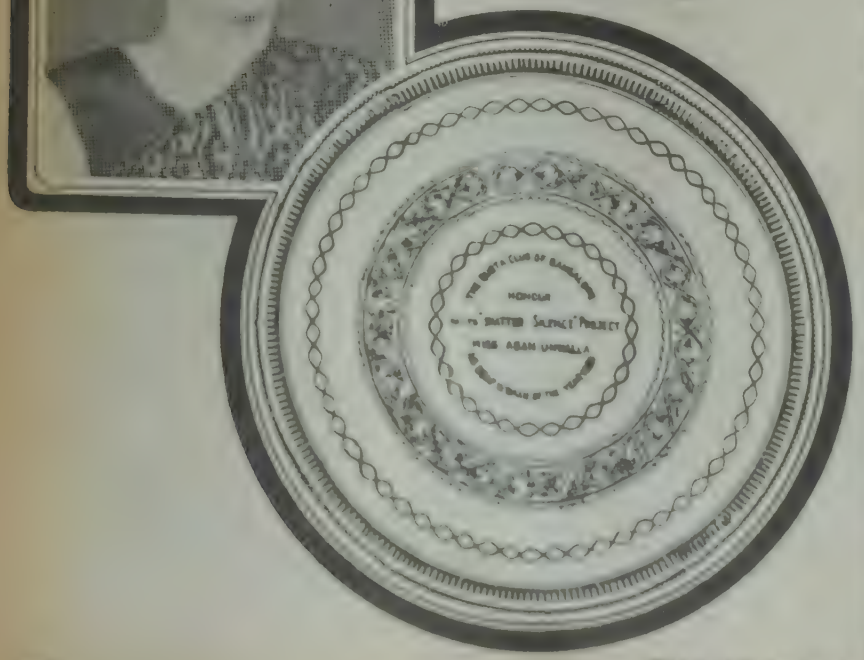
Aban today has more than justified the faith placed in her. She has worked hard to establish an excellent rapport with every customer. Her irrepressible smile more than makes up for her silence and her efficiency has impressed not only **Canara Bank** clients but also the Quota Club of Bangalore that chose her 'The deaf woman of the year 1980'.

In the spirit of

CANARA BANK

(A nationalised bank)

Over 1,200 branches all over the country.



Can We Produce A Super-Race?

A sperm bank has been set up by an American millionaire and sperms of five Nobel laureates pooled to produce a Super Race. In the not too distant future Einsteins and Newtons may well be produced in a laboratory. An investigative cover feature.

Boy or Girl

Will it be possible to accurately foretell the sex of your child? A future certainty!

Artificial Insemination

Can supposedly "barren" women bear children? Through artificial insemination many "infertile" couples now have children of their own, says the author.

Test-tube Baby

The marvel of modern science!

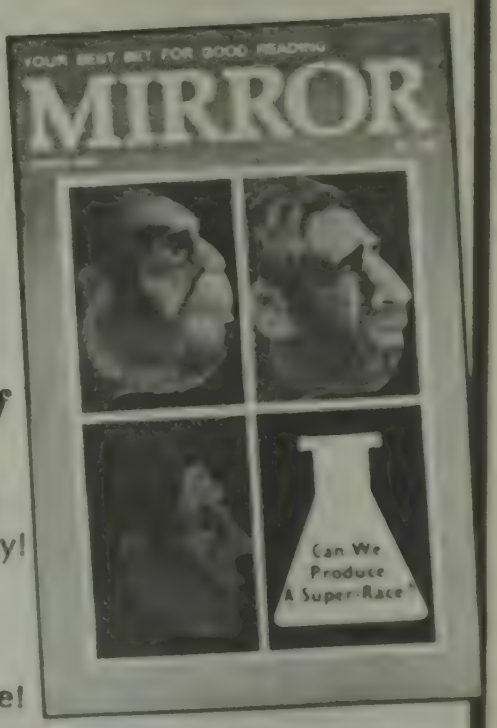
ALSO:

The Science of Nameology

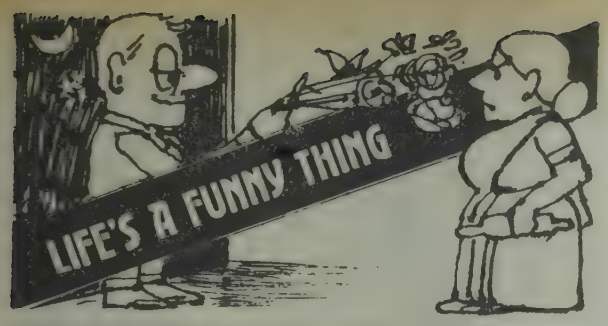
A change in your name may change your destiny!

Unbelievable but True:

Kashmir was once a lake!



MIRROR MARCH 1981



A spoonful of humour to make the medicine go down

My wife Susie never says anything against my profession — advertising — but she confesses she is bewildered by it all.

"Why must manufacturers spend lakhs and lakhs to sell something like face powder?" she said. "Everyone uses face powder."

I put on my professorial gown. "That's easy, darling," I said, "it's because there's so much competition. Advertisers want to make sure that their brand is chosen in preference to others. See?"

She says, "Yes" and goes off to cook the evening's dinner.

* * *

Advertising fascinates me. You've got to keep yourself on your toes like a damn ballet dancer. You've got to know your onions. You can't use soft-sell to sell machinery and you can't use hard-sell to sell talcum powder. Then, in India, you've got to operate in 14 languages which sometimes has you up the creek without a paddle. Years ago, I advertised a medium-priced brand of cigarettes using the slogan "High Quality At Low Cost." The bright Oriya translator rendered it as "Low Quality At High Cost." The client almost had a heart attack. I thought I was going to lose my job, the Oriya translator took to his heels. But the client's innate sense of humour saved the day and, when the ripples settled, we laughed like hell. Even the client. Of course, we didn't bill him for that insertion.

* * *

If you think all ad execs spend their time drinking Vodka cocktails at the Sea-Rock, think again. They're a damn hard working breed. I myself have stayed up till two a.m. shooting a commercial film that would stay on the screen for all of a minute. But we had loads of fun, romping through woods, wetting ourselves under waterfalls, and sipping soft drinks by the poolside.

* * *

Advertising terminology can throw you into stitches. A "mix" is not something you use to make doughnuts, it's the elements that go into making an ad campaign. A "freeze" is not like how the Eskimos feel, it's a movie that stays still for a moment. "Hand composition" is not a masterpiece that would make Ravi Shankar take notice, it is type set up by hand. An "island position" should not remind you of Robinson Crusoe it's an advertisement entirely surrounded by text. And "bleeding" shouldn't make you see red, it means that the typing plate runs over the edges of the paper. Fun, eh?

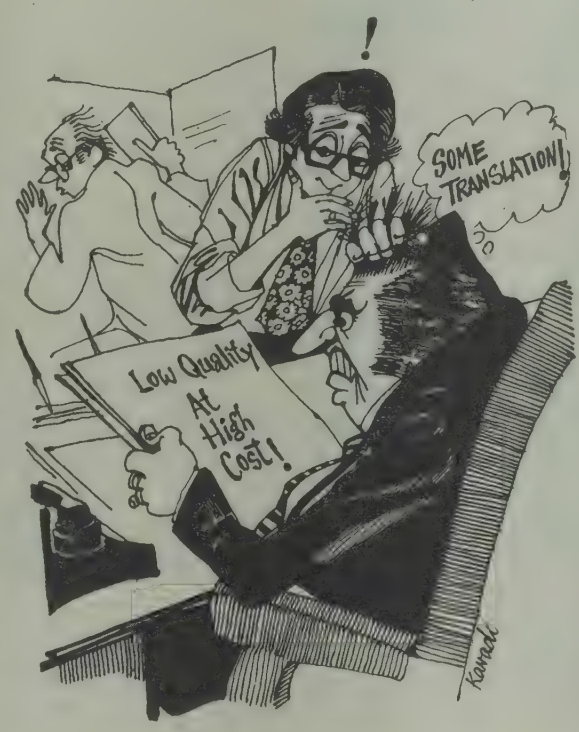
* * *

Air-India's advertising is more efficient than their performance and they'd be in the dark without a match, without the maharajah and the cute things he says. Ladies in advertising are more than a decorative element. Some of them have brains as sharp as razor blades. Of course, what spoils our name is the overclaim, the constant use of the superlative and guarantees that aren't worth the paper they're written on.

* * *

The history of the game is more fascinating than chess to Bobby Fischer. Cleopatra used to advertise for asses' milk because she used to bathe in it. Dodge advertised his car's toughness by making an elephant stand on it. The prospective brides of old used to advertise themselves by having slaves beat drums and advance across the road, while the P. B. rode behind them, demurely, on gaily decorated horses. I ask you, what's a wedding cake without the ic... ...at's a circus without a decorated tent, what's a clown without a painted face? What's it all, really? Advertising.

* * *



If you've got a kid who can draw decently, train him for the art dept. of an ad agency. If you have a daughter who writes easily, train her for the copy department. And if you have a kid who can calculate things that leaves the rest of the family puzzled have him become a budget coordinator. Clients never sign budgets they agree with. They sign them when they're too puzzled to do anything else.

* * *

And don't forget, if your daughter is as good looking as Sophia Loren or Nutan, she can end up being a model for everything from packaged foods to Eau de Cologne. And she gets all the products she models for — free.

Don't tell me advertising is dull. It's a vivid, electrifying force and the world without it, would be a dull, drab, dreary place.

Let me leave you, lady, with a thought that will keep advertising in your mind. Know why Samson was a good advertising man? Because he took two columns and brought down the house.

See you!

SUNNY

GUJJU BEHNS (AND BHAIS) OF THE FILM INDUSTRY

Continued from page 41

and being able to communicate easily, their careers take off more smoothly."

And it's not just the stars. There have been, and are, very notable Gujarati music directors. Jaikishen was a Gujarati who has gone down in the history of the Hindi film Industry. Following close on his heels now are Kalyanji Anandji who churn up catchy melodious tunes with consummate ease. Kalyanji who is never fazed by any praise replied quietly, "Insofar as directing and composing music is concerned, I don't think it matters to which community you belong. Both my brother and I were initiated into classical music as children. We also learned folk songs and as we grew up tried to pick up as many tunes as possible. Hence once we took to music direction all this foundation and knowledge about classical music turned out very helpful. Once we started composing music for Hindi films we made it a point to learn the language so as to bring feeling into the song. Music direction is more of knowledge about music and talent, it's not restricted to any particular community and no matter how hard you try, if you don't have it in you, you can never be a success." And to this duo goes the credit for picking Laxmikant Pyarelal, today's popular music directors, as their assistants and introducing them to our film industry.

And just as there are Gujaratis who have been very successful in the Hindi film Industry, so also there are people who have been failures and have quickly rushed to Gujarat, only to become highly successful. Rita Bhaduri and Mallika Sarabhai are two girls who enjoy tremendous success and popularity in Gujarat and now they barely venture into the tough Bombay Industry. The latest failures who have joined them are Asrani and Vidya Sinha. Only one of these, who was not shooting outdoors or in Gujarat and was available for comment was Kiran Kumar, Jeevan's son and Rekha's Kinkin who's a heart-throb in Gujarat. Kiran who tried hard but failed here, is a star in Gujarat and he very faithfully went into ecstasies about the Gujarat film Industry. "I didn't know head or tail about Gujarati films but once I landed there I picked up their language pretty fast. I had a natural knack for it. I didn't even need any dubbing. Gujarati is a language you can pick up very easily. Apart from the language there is no glaring difference in the format of working, except that they cater to just one territory. They are good paymasters and more organised than our Industry here. They complete their films in less than 30 days and their studios are very well equipped. So we have no reason to feel disheartened. They are as advanced technically, too, so I'm quite happy working there, hassle-free and having my talent recognised. It's better than hanging around being unsuccessful and frustrated."

Aruna Irani is the only actress who enjoys tremendous success here as well as in Gujarat. She is one of those typical Gujaratis who make a success of their careers with single-minded determination.

Mrs. Satya Mehra and Air Chief Marshal (Retd.) O.P. Mehra, Governor of Maharashtra, (2nd and 5th from left) presented a donation collected by the Ikebana International Bombay to "the Society for Children in Need of Special Care." The function was held at Taj Mahal Hotel. Also seen are (from left) Mrs. Anu Chadda, Mr. S. Horino, Consul General, Japan, Mrs. Vinita Malhotra, Mrs. S. Horino and Mrs. Gopi Lalvani.

French artistes Malavika and Shakuntala were presented in L'Offrande, a dance-drama, held by Vaitalik, a cultural association of art and music in Bombay. Also seen are (from left) Mrs. B. Roy, Mr. Joy Roy and Mrs. Amita Das.

RIGHT: Film star Sharmila Tagore (2nd from left) inaugurated "Temple Flower," a flower-cum-art shop at Nariman Point, Bombay. Also seen, are Mr. Kitu Bhatia, Mrs. S. Horino, wife of the Japanese Consul General, and Manju Bhatia.

At the Australia National Day celebrations held in Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. R. Gerber, Mr. J. D. Colquhoun-Denvers, Consul General, Australia, Lady Bhiwandiwalla, Mr. C. H. Imray, Deputy High Commissioner, U.K.; Mrs. C. H. Imray, and Mrs. Mistry, Vice Consul, Austria.

BOMBAY

Miss Rutty Patel will be holding an exhibition of her paintings from March 3-9, 1981, at the Taj Art Gallery, Taj Mahal Hotel.

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The Cafe Royal, Hotel Oberoi Towers, is the venue of a lavish gourmet French Food Festival organised in association with Air France, the Hotel Meridien, Paris, and Oberoi Towers, Bombay, from February 23 to 28, 1981.

The exclusive French cuisine at the Food Festival has been created with the expert guidance of a French Chef from the Meridien chain flown in by Air France, Monsieur Christian Girault. Wines, cheeses, and meats have been brought here straight from Paris. Cheeses include the famous Camembert, Brie, Gruyere, Gervais, and Neufchatel among others. The meats include absolutely delicious and otherwise inaccessible items such as Pate Campagne, Saucissons Ail Fume, Saucissons Lyonnaise, Jambons Fume, etc. The wine list itself is a gourmet delight. Bordeaux, Pomerol, Chateau-Neufedu Pape, St. Emillion, Pouilly-Fuisse and Chablis.

French singer, Mademoiselle Dominique Le Chat, a professional entertainer is also present. The Cafe Royal has been completely transformed into a Parisian scenario, with artifacts flown in from Paris to enhance the decor and accentuate the authenticity of a typically French atmosphere.

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Temple Flower, a newly opened flower-cum-art shop was inaugurated by film star Sharmila Tagore at Tulsiani Chambers, Nariman Point. The brainchild of Manju and Kitu Bhatia, the shop has on sale exotic blooms imaginatively arranged in various types of containers. An "Art Corner" displaying a variety of handicrafts and artefacts has been provided for talented persons who wish to sell their creations.

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Vaitalik presented the two well-known French Bharata Natyam artistes, Malavika and Shakuntala, at the Patkar Hall in L'Offrande (The Offering).

Malavika and Shakuntala are disciples of Guru Ellapa of Kanchipuram and were awarded scholarships by the Government of India. The direction of L'Offrande was by Nita Klein and the choreography and songs were by Padma Subramaniam

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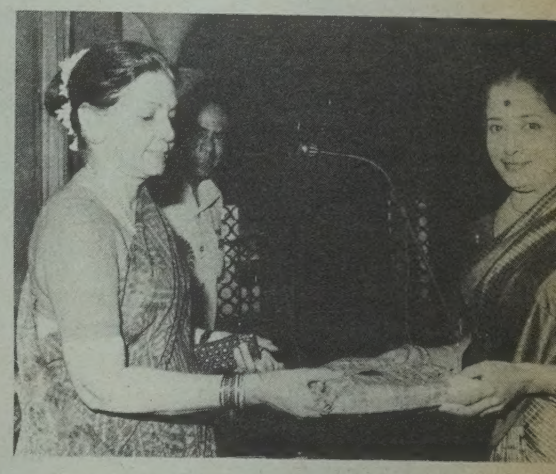
The Maharashtra State Women's Council annually spends Rs. 12 lakhs on its welfare activities. Some of it is met through grants from the Government but a major part of the expenses have to be raised by the members of the Council. For this purpose the Council has to put up from time to time charity shows to meet the financial requirement of the Council.

The Rescue Home (Asha Sadan), and the Bapnu Ghar are some of the institutions managed by the Council. These take care of socially distressed women from middle and low income groups who face family problems and therefore come to the institutions to receive help. The women are reconciled to their families through professional counselling by social workers and psychiatrists. Failing that, legal help is given for divorce or judicial separation.

LEFT: An Annual Conference was hosted by the Inner Wheel Club, South Calcutta. Mrs. Sheila Irani, President of the Association of Inner Wheel Clubs of Asia and Sri Lanka is seen in the centre.

Members of Sanjivini Ladies Social Service Club, Bangalore, presenting a cheque to Mr. Sridhar of the Association of the Physically Handicapped.

RIGHT: Dr. (Mrs) Mathangi Ramakrishna receiving a memento from chief guest Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali at the Fourth Lioness District Assembly held at the Vivekananda Auditorium of the Engineering College, Madras.



RIGHT: At the Iraqi Women's Week celebrations organised by the India branch of the General Federation of Iraqi Women at Hotel Maurya, Delhi, are seen (from left) Mrs. L. Balakrishnan, Dr. (Mrs.) N. D. Dass, Mrs. D. Sen Gupta, H. E. Mr. Al Azzawi, Iraq Ambassador, Mrs. S. Al Azzawi, Mrs. K. Sahni and Mrs. N. Raj Kumar.

DELHI

Recently the Council opened a study cum recreation centre in one of the congested slums of the city, the Labour Camp, Matunga, Dharavi. This was a project commemorating the Diamond Jubilee of the Council.

On February 11, the Funds Committee of the Council organised a Charity Show of I.N.T.'s Gujarati play "Shreelekha" starring Sarita Joshi, at Birla Matushri Sabhaghar.

Ruchika presented a dramatised version of Prem Chand's classic, "Panch Parmeshwar" recently. Ruchika is one of the few amateur groups in the capital which has produced contemporary as well as foreign classics with great success. The Prem Chand classical captured the spirit of the rural folk with their beliefs and prejudices. Geeta Gupta, Anand Sharma and Mona Chawla gave fine performances.

* * *

A week-long Kathak festival featuring leading kathak artistes of the country, Birju Maharaj, Sitara Devi, Rani Karna and many up and coming dancers as well. was held at Kamani auditorium.

CALCUTTA

The inaugural session of the Fourth District Conference of the Inner Wheel District 329 was held at Nehru Museum Hall. Mrs. Sheila Irani, President, Association of Inner Wheel Clubs in India and Sri Lanka, was the chief guest.

MADRAS

The Lionesses of District 324 A met for an Assembly at the Vivekananda Auditorium of the Madras Engineering College. Lion U. Vasudeva Rau, District Governor, inaugurated the conference and Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, wife of the Governor of Tamil Nadu, Mr. Sadiq Ali, was the chief guest. The theme of the conference was, "What the Lionesses can do in the Year of the Handicapped."

Mrs. Sadiq Ali in her speech, made a fervent appeal to the members to choose their priorities, and give help where it is most needed. Lion V. K. Padmanabhan, District Chairman, Lioness Clubs, welcomed the gathering, and Dr. (Mrs.) Mathangi Ramakrishna, Associate Chairman, introduced the chief guest. A skit was also presented by the ladies.

BANGALORE

Lalitha Srinivasan, Director, Nupura School of Bharata Natyam organised a three-day programme to celebrate the second anniversary of the School. Film shows on classical and folk dances of India and a group discussion on 'Bharath Muni" were also organised. A feature on Meerabai entitled "Prem, Bhakti, Mukti" was well presented. Natya Vidwan H.R. Kesavamurthy inaugurated the celebrations.

FOR THE WEEK
MARCH 1 — 7, 1981.

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

You have had your share of worries over the past few years, but 1981 looks like a most successful period, when most of your harassment should disappear. Whatever gains you make should be longlasting, so plan carefully how to proceed with your main ambitions, to make the most of opportunities. If you have not moved house during 1979/80, then such a move is more than likely. The domestic scene should be much more settled — your love life too. In all — it is a time of 'new beginnings'.

ARIES
(March 22 — April 20)

Several planets will soon be moving through Aries, and will add zest to your life and make it exciting, both for your love life and for the progress you make in more practical areas. Catch up on routine tasks.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

Special hopes can succeed — but could take a little longer than anticipated. However, you can put useful irons in the fire, for there is luck in contact with others, and it is a good idea to get around, generally.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

There are splendid signs for your more worldly aims and ambitions. You are in a progressive period when new opportunities should appear, and a peak of luck as your birthday draws near at mid-year. Some cheering news to inspire your enthusiasm.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

You sometimes hold back when you should push yourself forward, and thus miss opportunities. Try a change of tactics during the weeks ahead; come out of your shell and take a more positive approach. Involve yourself in something new and challenging.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

As this week begins, you should notice improvement in relationships, both at work and at home, and there could soon be an uptrend, financially. However, the luck is rather with others, and delayed news could put you on edge.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

There is not much chance of organising your affairs along satisfactory lines just now. Make time instead for the lighter side of life, and especially for your partner.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Try to get important domestic shopping completed and check also to see that you have dealt with urgent correspondence, especially any official matters. A rather promising week if you can proceed more or less independently.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Excellent indications, moneywise, but avoid undue extravagance, for you could find yourself a bit pushed later on. In leisure time, your popularity will be high and you will attract others to you. Deal with minor health and beauty matters.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

In leisure time, try fresh scenes and activities, if you want to have fun, and make new friends. The new and novel will be lucky for you just now. But the main emphasis is on home life, the affairs of relatives, family plans for the future.

CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

There seems to be some special interest in your own locality this week, so see what is going on, check on special events. A relative of about your own age will be in the picture in a helpful way.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

A busy week and you might find it difficult to fit in all you have to do. The New Moon towards the end of the week should give money prospects a boost and you could find yourself accepting a new challenge in working life.

PISCES
(Feb 20 — March 21)

A lucky period, with plenty of exhilaration in the atmosphere. Not only will you be full of energy and enthusiasm, but you'll inspire the folk around you.

Never be afraid to say what is in your heart and release the spark, for sometimes it becomes a flame at which someone you love, or someone you hardly know, can warm his hands for months to come.

Faith Baldwin

If you haven't got charity in your heart, you have the worst kind of heart trouble.

Bob Hope

When God measures man, He puts the tape around the heart, not the head.

Paul Gould

The heart has its own memory. A woman who cannot recollect the most important great events will recollect through a lifetime things which appealed to her feelings.

Honore De Balzac

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT HEARTS

Everybody's heart is open, you know, when they have recently escaped from severe pain, or are recovering the blessing of health.

Jane Austen

To my God, a heart of flame; to my fellow-men, a heart of love; to myself a heart of steel.

Augustine of Hippo

The heart errs like the head; its errors are not any the less fatal, and we have more trouble getting free of them because of their sweetness.

Anatole France

The heart is forever inexperienced.

Henry David Thoreau

It is wisdom to believe the heart.

George Santayana

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.

Cicero

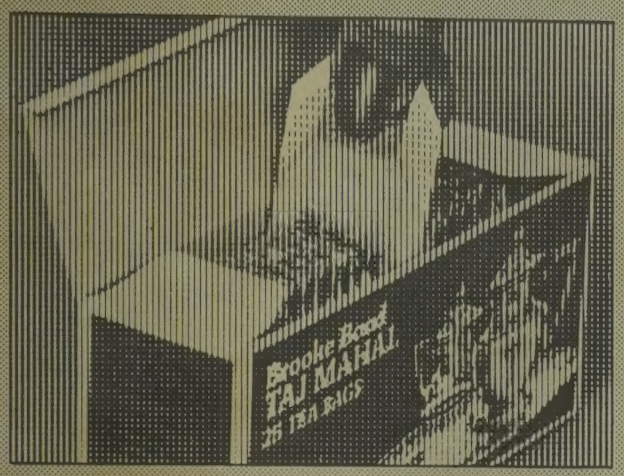
We are adhering to life now with our last muscle — the heart.

Djuna Barnes

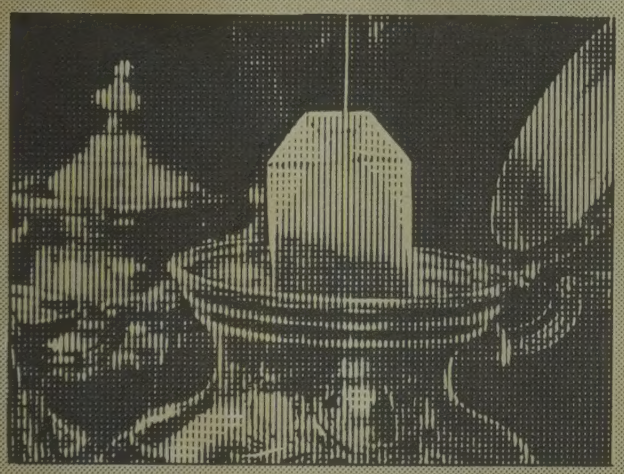
David Gunston

Brooke Bond presents

a great new way to good tea



just pick...



and dip.

Mmm!

No more strainers, or messing with used leaves nor washing up afterwards. Taj Tea Bags, a simple, tidy and stylish way to make tea, good tea whose strength can be matched to individual taste. Plus a waste-free means of keeping check on how much tea you use. And of course the Brooke Bond promise to make every cup a joy.

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Good tea. Made simply.

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Spread a bit o sunshine.

Here's the juiciest bit of news that ever went on toast—a host of lip-licking jams made from orchard-fresh fruits. Ask for them by name—*Sun-Sip* Jams.

New

Sun-Sip

JAMS

KETCHUP & SQUASHES

Made from the sun-ripest fruits you've ever relished.